



TO THE TWENTY-SEVEN SWITZER-
LAND COUNTY BOYS WHO MADE
THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.
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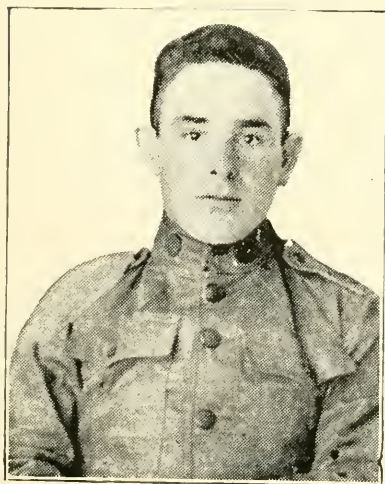
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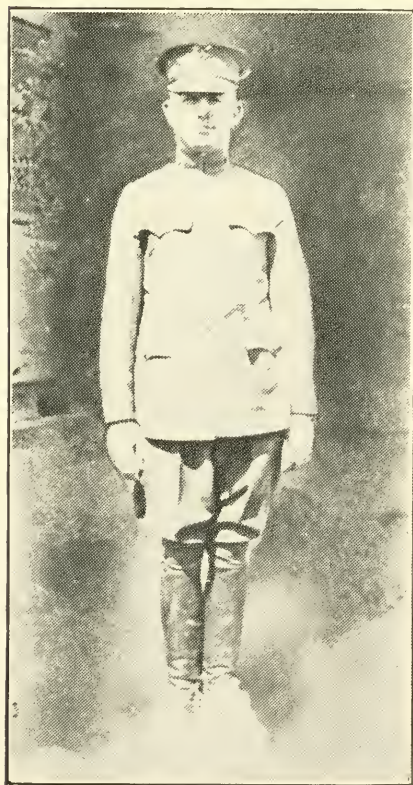
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A HISTORY
OF
SWITZERLAND COUNTY'S
PART IN THE WORLD
WAR

By Earl S. Brown

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FOREWORD

In publishing this history of Switzerland county's part in the World War it is not the intention of the writer to attempt to give to the public a history of the World War itself, but to portray the valiant deeds of our gallant soldiers and to tell of the patriotic things accomplished by citizens who remained at home.

The first chapter is devoted to the starting of the war and the causes which led the United States into it. In the other chapters it has been our sole aim to record, accurately and briefly, the things Switzerland county's patriotic citizens did to help win the war.

As soon as war was declared and the first of Switzerland county's gallant sons began volunteering for service, a record of all local war activities was kept with a view of compiling them later in book form. Because of many men and boys in various parts of the county going to different cities to volunteer it was almost impossible to obtain a correct list of the men who entered the service and there may be a few names omitted in the list published in this book. However, the reader is assured that if there are omissions they are unintentional. Efforts were also made to secure photographs of all enlisted men. This was impossible, but all the photographs secured are reproduced in this volume.

We feel that the citizens of Switzerland county are herewith given a record of the wonderful things they accomplished that should live forever. Without further apology we leave you to judge.

Vevay, Indiana, August 15, 1919

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DENVER & CLARENCE CHASE



BERNARD R. CARVER



GEORGE PLATT



HARRY F. SHADDAY

Chapter I

CAUSES WHICH LED UNITED STATES INTO THE WAR

When Switzerland county citizens read in the daily papers of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, on June 28, 1914, they paid but little more attention to the news than they would have done to an item pertaining to the accidental drowning of an unknown man in the Mississippi river.

At that time they did not know that Germany had been secretly planning for forty years for a war to overthrow the world, and that the assassination of the Archduke and his wife would be seized upon by Germany as the opportunity to gain control of all the other nations of the earth.

On July 28, 1914, Austria Hungary declared war on Serbia. Russia immediately announced that she would stand by Serbia and ordered her troops mobilized. On August 1st Germany declared war on Russia, and on the same day France, knowing that Germany would soon declare war on her, began mobilizing troops. On August 2d Germany demanded free passage through Belgium for her troops. On August 3d Germany declared war on France and France declared war on Germany. On the same date Belgium rejected Germany's demand and on the following day, August 4, 1914, Germany declared war on Belgium. On the same day England declared war on Germany. During the four years and three months that the war continued the following declarations of war were made:

Austria against Belgium, August 28, 1914.

Austria against Japan, August 27, 1914.

Austria against Montenegro, August 9, 1914.

Austria against Russia, August 6, 1914.

Austria against Serbia, July 28, 1914.

Belgium against Germany, August 4, 1914.

Brazil against Germany, October 26, 1917.

Bulgaria against Serbia, October 14, 1915.

China against Austria, August 14, 1917.

China against Germany, August 14, 1917.

Costa Rica against Germany, May 23, 1918.

Cuba against Germany, April 7, 1917.

Cuba against Austria-Hungary, Dec. 16, 1917.

- France against Austria, August 13, 1914.
- France against Bulgaria, October 16, 1915.
- France against Germany, August 3, 1914.
- France against Turkey, November 5, 1914.
- Germany against Belgium, August 4, 1914.
- Germany against France, August 3, 1914.
- Germany against Portugal, March 9, 1916.
- Germany against Roumania, September 14, 1916.
- Germany against Russia, August 1, 1914.
- Great Britain against Austria, August 13, 1914.
- Great Britain against Bulgaria, October 15, 1915.
- Great Britain against Germany, August 4, 1914.
- Great Britain against Turkey, November 5, 1914.
- Greece against Bulgaria, November 28, 1916 (Provisional Government)
- Greece against Bulgaria, July 2, 1917 (Government of Alexander).
- Greece against Germany, November 28, 1916 (Provisional Government).
- Greece against Germany, July 2, 1917 (Government of Alexander).
- Guatemala against Germany and Austria-Hungary, April 22, 1918.
- Haiti against Germany, July 15, 1918.
- Honduras against Germany, July 19, 1918.
- Italy against Austria, May 24, 1915.
- Italy against Bulgaria, October 19, 1915.
- Italy against Germany, August 28, 1916.
- Italy against Turkey, August 21, 1915.
- Japan against Germany, August 23, 1914.
- Liberia against Germany, August 4, 1917.
- Montenegro against Austria, August 8, 1914.
- Montenegro against Germany, August 9, 1914.
- Nicaragua against Germany, May 24, 1918.
- Panama against Germany, April 7, 1917.
- Panama against Austria, December 10, 1917.
- Portugal against Germany, November 23, 1914. (Resolution passed authorizing military intervention as ally of England.)
- Portugal against Germany, May 19, 1915. (Military aid granted.)
- Roumania against Austria, August 27, 1916. (Allies of Austria also considered it a declaration.)
- Russia against Germany, August 7, 1914.
- Russia against Bulgaria, October 19, 1915.
- Russia against Turkey, November 3, 1914.

San Marino against Austria, May 24, 1915.

Serbia against Bulgaria, October 16, 1915.

Serbia against Germany, August 6, 1914.

Serbia against Turkey, December 2, 1914.

Siam against Austria, July 22, 1917.

Turkey against Allies, November 23, 1914.

Turkey against Roumania, August 29, 1916.

United States against Germany, April 6, 1917.

United States against Austria-Hungary, December 7, 1917.

The United States government did all in its power to keep out of the world conflict and on several occasions President Wilson endeavored to bring about peace between the warring nations.

As early as 1915, however, it became evident that Germany had the United States infested with thousands of spies who, until the moment the United States declared war on Germany, concentrated their efforts on destroying grain elevators, arsenals, ammunition factories, and in spreading propaganda which would create sympathy for Germany among the citizens of the United States.

The history of submarine operations of the Central Powers is one long record of outrages perpetrated on American citizens and American property; a succession of protests on the part of the government of the United States, headed by President Woodrow Wilson, and of assurances and promises made and later violated by the German and Austrian governments.

More than two hundred Americans had gone to their deaths through this submarine warfare up to the time diplomatic relations were severed on February 3, 1917. Most of the Americans lost were traveling on unarmed merchant ships and, under the practices of international law and humanity, believed themselves secure. The ships lost on which the Americans met death are only a fraction of the number sent to the bottom by torpedoes—most of them without warning.

The first American of whom there is a record to lose his life in submarine attack was Leon T. Thresher, a passenger on the British steamship *Falaba*, bound from Liverpool for West Africa, which was torpedoed and sunk on March 27, 1915, off Milford, England. The *Falaba*, after a hopeless attempt to escape, stopped, and while boats were being lowered and passengers were still aboard, the submarine drove a torpedo into her side and she went down in ten minutes. Of 242 persons, 136 were saved. The American was among the lost.

The first American ship attacked was the *Gulflight*, an oil tank vessel, from Port Arthur, Texas, to Rouen, France, torpedoed without warning off the Scilly Islands on May 1, 1915. Two men jumped overboard and were drowned; her captain died of heart failure. The *Gulflight* did not sink and was towed to port

by British patrols. The German government acknowledged the attack as an accident, expressed its regrets and promised to pay damages.

The next attack was one which shocked the civilized world and brought the United States and Germany for the first time to the verge of war. It was the destruction of the *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915. Unarmed, with 1,257 passengers, of whom 159 were Americans, and a crew of 702, she was torpedoed without warning and sunk in 23 minutes off Old Head of Kinsale, as she was nearing Liverpool. In all, 1,198 lives were lost, of which 124 were Americans, many of them of national prominence. The case passed into diplomatic negotiations which never took final form.

While the *Lusitania* case was still fresh in the public mind, a German submarine torpedoed another American ship—the *Nebraskan*—without warning, on May 25, 1915, south of Fastnet Rock. The *Nebraskan* owed her safety to her seaworthiness. She reached port damaged, under her own steam, and no one was injured. The German government again expressed its regret for a mistake and promised to pay damages.

Twenty American negro muleteers on the *Leyland* steamship *Armenian* were killed on June 28, 1915, by shell fire and drowning when the *Armenian* failed to escape with her cargo of army mules from a submersible near the Cornwall coast.

The next submarine attack in which Americans were endangered was unsuccessful, but only because the steamship *Orduna*, of the Cunard line, proved too speedy for her pursuer. After sending a torpedo just under the *Orduna*'s stern, the submarine rained shells after the fleeing vessel without hitting her and then gave up the chase. Germany explained that the submarine commander had failed to observe his orders, and that more explicit instructions had been issued.

Three Americans were endangered when the Russian steamship *Leo* was torpedoed without warning on her way from Philadelphia to Manchester, England, on July 9, 1915.

On July 25, 1915, came the first destruction of an American ship by a submarine. It was the *Leelanaw* of New York, bound from Archangel to Belfast, with flax, which is contraband. She was caught northwest of the Orkney Islands. The *Leelanaw*, besides carrying contraband, attempted to escape. As a neutral ship her destruction was a doubtful right of any belligerent. She finally stopped, as the German submarine was firing at her, and then sent her papers over to the submersible by a small boat.

On August 19, 1915, came the celebrated case of the *Nicosian* of the *Leyland* line, and the British patrol boat *Baralong*. The *Nicosian*, with mules from New

Orleans to Avonmouth, was stopped by a submarine off the coast of Ireland, and her crew, including 36 Americans, took to the boats. While the submarine was making ready to destroy the Nicosian, the Baralong appeared and destroyed the submarine by gunfire, took on the Nicosian's crew and towed the ship to safety.

The next crisis came on August 19, 1915, when the Arabic of the White Star Line, from Liverpool to New York, was torpedoed without warning near the Lusitania's grave and sunk in about ten minutes. Out of 375 passengers and crew 48 were lost. Thirty Americans were on board and all but two were saved. The German government contended the submarine commander thought the Arabic was about to ram him, and fired in self defense, but disavowed the act, expressed regret and gave additional assurances for the future safety of passenger ships.

One American of the crew of the Hesperian of the Allan line was lost on September 4, 1915, when the ship returning to Liverpool from Montreal, was torpedoed and sunk without warning off the southern coast of Ireland. The German admiralty contended no German submarine was in that vicinity, but a piece of a German torpedo had been picked up on the Hesperian's deck.

Austria's first submarine operations of consequence, and those which brought Germany's closest ally into the situation, began with the destruction of the Italian steamship Ancona, in the Mediterranean on November 7, 1915. With hundreds of passengers, many of them women and children from Naples to New York, the Ancona was chased and stopped by an Austrian submarine. Twelve Americans were on board and nine were lost. Italian official figures say 308 passengers were lost out of 507 on board. Some of the American survivors swore the Austrian submarine even shelled the lifeboats as the passengers were getting into them.

On December 5, 1915, a submarine, presumably an Austrian, attacked the American oil steamship Petrolite off the coast of Tripoli. A sailor was injured by a shot into the Petrolite's engine room and the submarine continued firing after the Petrolite had swung broadside so the submarine commander could see her name painted on her side and the American flag flying between her masts. The submarine commander finally permitted the Petrolite to proceed after he had taken some of her stores.

A new crisis, and the first suspicion that German submarines were operating in the Mediterranean, or that Austrian submarines were being manned by German officers and crews, was developed by the destruction of the British steamship Persia on December 30, 1915, southeast of Crete, while on her way to the Orient. Mr. McNeeley, American consul, on his way to his post at Aden, was among the 335 passengers who lost their lives, of whom two or more were Americans. The

wake of a torpedo was seen but no submarine was visible. Germany, Austria and Turkey denied responsibility. The United States again made representations, and assurances were given for what Germany termed "cruiser warfare," which involved a promise not to sink any peaceful ships without warning or providing for the safety of those aboard.

With the coming of winter and the chilling storms which sweep the North Sea, submarine warfare was transferred to the warmer waters of the Mediterranean and then finally was much restricted until the spring of 1916. On March 1 of that year the submarine campaign was resumed with renewed ruthlessness.

The *Patria* of the French line, carrying no armament whatever, sailing from Naples to New York, was attacked without warning by a submarine north of Tunis. Passengers and crew saw the torpedo pass harmlessly under the *Patria's* stern and some saw a periscope. The *Patria* put on full speed and escaped further attack, but had another narrow escape in the same way the next month. Americans were on board in both instances.

With the renewal of the submarine campaign the destruction of ships sometimes numbered as many as ten in one day. In every instance where American lives were taken, Germany apologized and promised to see that such a thing did not occur again.

On April 19, 1916, President Wilson publicly warned Germany not to pursue her submarine policy. On May 8, 1916, the *Cymric*, White Star liner, was torpedoed off the Irish coast. On November 29, 1916, the *Minnewaska*, an Atlantic transport liner, was sunk by a mine in the Mediterranean. On January 31, 1917, Germany announced her intention of sinking all vessels in the war zone around the British Isles, and on February 3, 1917, the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany and Count Von Bernstorff was handed his passports.

During the month of February, 1917, the submarine unrestricted warfare resulted in the sinking of 134 vessels and a number of the persons killed and drowned were Americans.

On March 18, 1917, the *City of Memphis*, Illinois and *Vigilancia*, three American ships, were torpedoed.

On March 21, 1917, the American ship *Healdton*, bound from Philadelphia to Rotterdam, was sunk by a submarine without warning, and 21 men were lost.

On April 1, 1917, the American armed ship *Aztec* was sunk in the submarine zone, and on April 5 the American steamer *Missourian* was sunk in the Mediterranean.

The United States declared war against Germany on April 6, 1917, and against Austria-Hungary, December 7, 1917.

Chapter II

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

About seven o'clock on the night of April 6, 1917, word came from Cincinnati over the wires of the Ohio River Telephone Company that war against Germany had been declared. In ten minutes' time church bells, Court House bell and school bell were pealing forth the electrifying tidings and groups of men, congregated on the corners, were discussing the news.

The crisis in American and German relations had been reached several days previous. War was inevitable. Throughout the United States men and boys had been swarming to the recruiting offices to offer their services to our country. Patriotism was at a high pitch. Governors of states had called upon citizens to display the American flag from their homes and places of business, and to let the flags wave until Germany's murderous warfare had been abolished and the insult to Old Glory avenged.

On Friday, April 7th, the day after war was declared, the stars and stripes were flying from hundreds of homes throughout Switzerland county.

The first patriotic meeting in the county was held at Markland on Friday night, April 13th. Judge F. M. Griffith and Prosecutor W. J. Cotton delivered addresses in the Red Men's hall and much enthusiasm was aroused.

Within a week after the declaration of war several Switzerland county boys had volunteered.

Postmaster Ernest Griffith, of Vevay, was named by the government as the recruiting officer for Switzerland county.

It has been impossible for the author to ascertain who was Switzerland county's first volunteer after war was declared. By April 27th, however, the following men from the county were in the service:

George N. Reeves, Jr., Clarence F. Cole, Lee L. Vannatter, Edward Cole, Harry Dunn, Ernest Wagner, Wilfred Dufour, Fletcher Waltz, Arthur Lockwood, Irvin Furnish, Hobart Smith, John F. Butters, Denver Chase, Clarence Chase, Fred Madison and Fade Kelly.

Of the above named a few were in the service prior to the declaration of war.

The first Switzerland county boys to arrive in France were John F. Butters and Irvin Furnish. They were members of the 18th Infantry stationed along the Mexican border prior to hostilities with Germany, and they were in the first

Expeditionary Force to land in France in June, 1917. Company M of the 18th Infantry was literally wiped out during the war, there being only twenty of the original members left alive at the time of the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918. Strange as it may seem Butters, who was a member of Company M, went through the war seeing his comrades shot down in battle after battle, and he never received the slightest scratch. Furnish, stationed in another company, was equally fortunate, never receiving an injury.

Under the conscription law the first selected men to be sent to training camp from Switzerland county were Elbridge Given, Sam Pavy and Elmer Browning. They left Vevay September 5, 1917, for Camp Taylor, Ky.

On Saturday, September 22, 1917, twenty-six more selected men were sent to Camp Taylor. Hundreds of relatives and friends were in Vevay early in the morning to bid the boys goodbye. The entire county tried to send them to war with a smile—and failed. The forced smiles on the faces of scores of people who congregated in front of the Court House in Vevay gave way to looks of pain as the twenty-six young men took their places in automobiles which were to bear them to the train at Sanders, Ky. The forced gaiety of the half hour before their departure disappeared, and in spite of all efforts tears glistened in the eyes of men and women, and sobs from broken-hearted mothers brought home for the first time the reality of war.

One mother, giving up her only son, could not stand the strain. She collapsed and was carried to the office of a nearby physician. The son saw several months' service in France, and arrived home in May, 1919, a top sergeant.

A bride of but a few weeks clasped her arms about her husband's neck and would not be consoled. The husband, Bertram Buchanan, gave up his life in France.

Fathers and brothers, in an effort to be brave, clasped their loved ones by the hand, but the words of farewell would not come. They choked and turned their heads away to hide the tears.

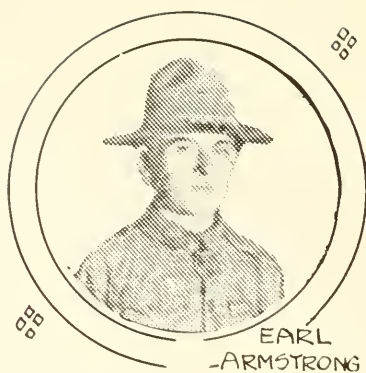
The boys themselves, however, bore up well, and proudly they left to take their places alongside the hundreds of thousands who had preceded them into the service. One of those twenty-six boys, Charlie Griswold, was killed in action. Another, Herbert Neal, died of injuries received in action. Two others, Bertram Buchanan and Edwin Danner, died of pneumonia. Five others were wounded in action but recovered.

When the armistice was signed on November 11th, 1918, 445 Switzerland county boys had been in the service, and six young women of the county had seen service as Red Cross nurses.

Final peace terms were signed June 28, 1919.



ENSIGN JESSE LOCK



CLYDE SCHOFFNER



B. H. BUTCHER



HOWARD
P. BURTON



EARL HUGHES



CHARLES Z. LONG



HALSTEAD LONG

Chapter III

OUR HEROIC DEAD

BERNARD BREECK

Bernard Breeck, 27, son of Joseph Breeck, of Lamb, died at Camp McClellan, Ala., October 14, 1918, of pneumonia which followed an illness of influenza. He was born and reared in Craig township, leaving there in 1916 for Webster Lake, Ind., where he was employed until being inducted into service. He had been in training only a few weeks when he became ill.

HERBERT BARKER

Herbert Barker, 21, died of pneumonia which followed influenza, at a training camp at Warsaw, Ind., October 28, 1918. He was a son of J. H. Barker and wife, of Center Square. He was inducted into service on October 15th and became ill immediately after his arrival at camp. Death occurred thirteen days after he left Switzerland county to enter training.

CLIFFORD BRINDLEY

Clifford Brindley, 28, son of Henry Brindley and wife, of Craig township, died in France October 29, 1918, of wounds received in action. He was one of Switzerland county's selected men, and was in the thirtieth division. He was born in Craig township and had spent his entire life there until called for service. A letter sent to his wife by a Red Cross nurse stated he had been horribly wounded in action, a portion of his face being shot away, and that death was a merciful relief.

DAN BRINDLEY

Lieut. Dan Brindley, 38, died in the base hospital at Camp Kearney, Cal., Friday, November 29, 1918, after a short illness of pneumonia. He was born in Craig township and was a son of Mrs. Julia E. Brindley, of Vevay. His early life was spent on a farm but in March, 1902, he enlisted in the regular army. After serving three years he returned to Vevay and spent eight months with his mother and sister, Miss Ollie. At the end of that period he again enlisted in the army, where he remained until his death. At the time war was declared he was a sergeant but in a few months he had won a second lieutenant's commission.

BERTRAM BUCHANAN

Bertram Buchanan, 27, son of Mrs. Harriett Buchanan, of Vevay, died in France November 8, 1918, of pneumonia. The information of his death was first

18 SWITZERLAND COUNTY'S PART IN THE WORLD WAR

sent by the war department to his wife at New Castle, Ind. He was one of the first Switzerland county boys inducted into service, receiving his training at Camp Taylor, Ky. He was born near Lamb and came to Vevay with his parents when a small boy. While in France, Buchanan made a model soldier and letters from his friends were received in Vevay telling of his bravery under fire. He went through several battles unscathed only to succumb to pneumonia three days before the war came to an end.

EDDIE BURMAN

Eddie Burman, 26, son of Fred Burman and wife, of near Bear Branch, died in France November 22, 1918, of pneumonia. He was inducted into service from Switzerland county on June 26, 1918, and received his training at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Two months later in August he was sent to France. For some time his parents received letters regularly from him, but after the first of November, 1918, the letters ceased. As the weeks passed and no word came from him the family became uneasy and communicated with the War Department at Washington. In reply to one of their letters a telegram was received which contained the information of his death.

SERGEANT EDWARD COLE

Sergeant Alfred Edward Cole, 35, son of James R. Cole of Vevay, dropped dead at Fort Mills, Philippine Islands, November 23, 1917. He was the first Switzerland county soldier to give up his life during the war. He was born in Vevay February 1, 1882. In May, 1898, he graduated from the Vevay High School and in the following September, while in his seventeenth year, he enlisted in the army during the war with Spain. He was in three engagements during the Spanish-American war, and remained in the army until his death. Besides his father and brothers he left a wife and four children.

CORPORAL EDWIN DANNER

Corporal Edwin Danner, 28, died at Camp Taylor, Ky., December 28, 1917, following a week's illness of pneumonia. He was a son of Charles Danner and wife, of Lamb, and was a graduate of the Vevay high school. He was one of the first contingent of Switzerland county drafted men, and a short time after entering the service was made a corporal. He was beloved by his entire company and when Capt. Jones informed the boys of Company B, 335th Infantry, that Corporal Danner had answered his last roll call, a wave of sadness swept through the barracks. Heads were bowed in submission and tears filled the eyes of officers and privates alike.

CORPORAL GEORGE W. DAY

Corporal George W. Day, 26, of Fairview, son of Mrs. Caroline Day, was

killed in action in France in October, 1918. The first intimation of his death was when his name appeared in a casualty list sent out from Washington. His mother was later officially notified. Day was called to the colors on June 26, 1918, being sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio. He sailed for France in September after he had received less than three months' training. He was killed in the first drive in which he participated.

CHARLIE GRISWOLD

Charlie Griswold, 31, son of George Griswold and wife, of Bennington, was killed in battle in France on October 10, 1918. Horribly wounded he was rushed to the hospital in an unconscious condition at three o'clock in the afternoon and died three hours later. Before death, regaining consciousness for a few moments, he requested that his "fondest love and kisses" be sent to the folks back home. His parents were first apprised of his death by a Red Cross nurse who sent them the details in a letter. Griswold was one of the first contingent of Switzerland county boys inducted into service, training at Camp Taylor, Ky. At the time of his death he had been on the firing line about two months.

SERGEANT WILLIAM HUDSON

Sergeant William Hudson, son of A. G. Hudson and wife, of Patriot, died October 15, 1918, at Camp Taylor, Ky., of pneumonia which followed influenza. Several years prior to his death he left Patriot and went to Wyoming, where he resided at the time of being inducted into service June 1, 1918. While in training he received a medal as a pistol sharp shooter. He left a wife and one small daughter, besides his parents, six sisters and one brother.

FORREST HUGHES

Forrest Hughes, son of William Hughes and wife, of Patriot, was killed in action in France on August 3, 1918. News of his death was received by his parents twenty days later. He was born and reared in Patriot and was well known throughout the township. In 1916 he left Patriot and went to Covington where he secured a position. He registered for service at Covington, and was drafted from that city. He had been in France only a few months at the time of his death.

WILLIAM LITTRELL

William Littrell, 28, of Craig township, was killed in action in France on October 28, 1918. He came to Switzerland county from Kentucky about a year before war was declared. He had been working on the Ellis Crutcher farm and entered no claim for exemption when he registered. He was one of the first contingent of Switzerland county boys to go to Camp Taylor, Ky., and was sent to France in the spring of 1918. He was killed during his second engagement.

FRANK MITCHELL

Frank Mitchell, 24, adopted son of Paul Boright and wife, of Mt. Sterling, was killed at Camp Greene, N. C., April 9, 1918. Investigation by camp authorities proved he had been murdered. His body was found at 10 o'clock in the morning lying on the floor of his tent, his heart having been pierced by a bullet. No trace of the murderer ever was found. He enlisted on February 11, 1918. On July 11, 1917, he was married to Miss Dessie Wray, of Bloomington, Ind., who survived.

HERBERT NEAL

Herbert Neal, 28, adopted son of John Grimes and wife, of Craig township, died in a base hospital in France November 6, 1918, of pneumonia which followed injuries received in action. He had been wounded on September 5th and was slowly recovering when pneumonia developed. He was one of the first Switzerland county boys who trained at Camp Taylor and had been in France only a few months. His division, however, had been in the thick of the fighting for several weeks before he was wounded.

THOMAS W. PIKE

Thomas W. Pike, 23, died of pneumonia following influenza, at Camp Taylor, Ky., October 10, 1918, after but a nine days illness. He was inducted into service only a few months before his death. He was born at Williamstown, Ky., on July 9, 1895, but moved to Switzerland county several years before the war. He was married to Miss Gladys Webster on March 31, 1918. The body was brought to Vevay by Serg't John McNully and funeral services were conducted at the grave Sunday morning, October 13th, by Rev. F. E. Hammel. As the cortege started to the cemetery Vevay church bells were tolled and the county's flag was lowered to half staff.

PORTER PATTON

Porter Patton, 22, son of William Patton and wife, of Craig township, died at Camp Dodge, Ia., October 14, 1918. He had been sick but a week with influenza which developed into pneumonia. He was inducted into service on August 31, 1918, as a limited service man, and had been in training but four weeks when he became ill. He was born near Vevay and had spent his entire life in the county. He was married on September 5, 1917, to Miss Allie Imel, of Pleasant Ridge. Burial was made in Vevay cemetery, bells tolling and flags being lowered while the services were being conducted.

ULEY RICKETTS

Uley Ricketts, "missing in action," was wounded in the Soissons fighting July 21, 1918. The young man was a son of Charlie Ricketts and wife and nearly

all of his life was spent in Switzerland county. When war was declared his parents were residing in Vevay, but after their son volunteered for service they moved to Madison. The last letter they received from him was in the summer of 1918. After several months of anxiety had passed the parents communicated with Washington officials and were informed that their son had been wounded on July 21st. Red Cross workers then took the matter up and in May, 1919, another message was received from the War Department which stated that Uley Ricketts was "missing in action." A telegram received by the parents in July, 1919, stated their son had been killed in action on the date he had previously been reported as missing.

GLENN SAMPLE.

Glen Sample, 23, son of Henry Sample, deceased, was killed in action in April, 1918. He was born in Craig township, but when war was declared he was conducting a barber shop in Connersville. He sold his business and within two weeks after war was declared he had enlisted in the Marine Corps. After a short stay in a training camp he was sent to France in the summer of 1917. The young man was a cousin of Howard Sample, merchant at Bennington.

CARROLL SABERTON

Carroll Saberton, 23, son of Charles Saberton, of Vevay, died at Ft. Leavenworth, Kas., October 18, 1918, of pneumonia which followed influenza. He was inducted into service at Camp Taylor, Ky., with the first contingent of Switzerland county boys. The body was brought to Vevay and funeral services were held at the home of his father October 22, being conducted by Rev. F. E. Hammel. Burial was made in Vevay cemetery.

WILLIAM L. STEPLETON

William L. Stepleton, 43, son of Taylor Stepleton and wife, of Fairview, was accidentally drowned at West Point, N. Y., October 3, 1918. He was born in Switzerland county June 28, 1875, and was a veteran of the Spanish-American war, taking part in 27 battles and being awarded a medal for bravery in carrying James Creelman, a war correspondent, off the battlefield under fire, after Creelman had been wounded. Following the Spanish-American war he remained in the army, and for a number of years prior to his death had been stationed in the Quartermaster's department at West Point. The body was brought home by his brother Amie, who was also stationed at West Point, and funeral services were held October 10th.

HOWARD STOOPS

Howard Stoops, 22, son of Sam Stoops and wife, of near Vevay, died at Winona Lake, Ind., on the night of October 31, 1918, where he had been sent less

than three weeks before to enter military training. Shortly after arriving at camp he became ill with influenza which developed into pneumonia. The body was brought to his parents' home November 2nd and funeral services were held there November 5th by Rev. F. D. Wharton. Burial was made in Vevay cemetery. He was born near Florence but for a number of years had resided with his parents on a farm just west of Vevay.

OSCAR SCUDDER

Oscar Scudder, 22, son of Braxton Scudder and wife of East Enterprise, was killed in action September 29, 1918. He was a member of Co. M, 120th Infantry, and was killed while his company was assisting the British army in a drive which broke the Hindenburg line. He was inducted into service October 5, 1917, and trained at Camp Taylor, Ky., with a number of other Switzerland county boys. He was sent east in the spring of 1918 and had been in France about two months at the time of his death.

CHARLES W. STEWART

Charles W. Stewart, 22, son of John W. Stewart and wife, of Greensburg, Ind., died October 3, 1918, at Camp Humphreys, Va., of pneumonia which followed influenza. He was born in Craig township and resided there all of his life until four years before the war, when he moved to Greensburg with his parents. He enlisted at Indianapolis May 3, 1918.

ELBERT WOLF

Elbert Wolf, 23, son of John Wolf and wife, of near Moorefield, died at Camp Custer, Mich., October 19, 1918, of pneumonia which followed influenza. He had been sick several days. He was inducted into service August 28, 1918, and a few months previous to that date was married to Miss Mable Gray, of Pleasant Ridge. The body was brought to his home near Moorefield and, after brief funeral services, was interred at Ebenezer.

W. HAMPTON WILLIAMSON

Hampton Williamson, 26, of Patriot, died in France November 27, 1918, of pneumonia. He was born in Posey township and his early life was spent in and around Patriot. He was an engineer and men of his trade were seldom drafted into the army. However, when several of his friends were called, he came to Vevay, and persuaded another man to give up his place in the draft. He thus entered the service six months before he otherwise would have been called. About two months before his death he was gassed and it is believed this weakened his lungs so that they became susceptible to pneumonia.

ANTHONY YATES

Anthony Yates, 28, colored, son of Mrs. Winnie Yates, of Vevay, died of

blood poisoning at Camp Dodge, Iowa, Wednesday evening, September 11, 1918. He was inducted into service less than three weeks prior to his death and was sick only a few days. Death was due to an infection on his neck. The body was brought to Madison September 14th by a corporal and from there to Vevay by auto hearse. Funeral services were held at his mother's home September 15th, being conducted by Rev. W. T. Dart. Soldiers of the Civil War, Spanish-American war and the World War marched to the grave behind the hearse.

Chapter IV

THE COUNTY'S WOUNDED

Shortly after war was declared Ensign Jesse Lock, of Bennington, while a member of the crew of the U. S. gunboat Castine, was slightly wounded by a bursting shell while his boat was in battle with a German submarine.

William R. Bliss, 21, of East Enterprise, was badly gassed in action in April, 1918. His lungs were badly burned and for a time he hovered between life and death. He finally recovered.

James Grammer Oakley, whose early life was spent in Vevay, was badly gassed in action during the summer of 1918, when the Americans were making a drive. He was found lying in the mud face down and was carried to the rear by stretcher bearers. He never recovered sufficiently to get into the fighting again before the armistice was signed.

In the summer of 1918 Ernest Lackland, who had resided in Vevay for a number of years, was severely wounded in action. He recovered, returned to his company, and took an active part in the fighting until the armistice was signed. He arrived home in the spring of 1919.

On July 19, 1918, Howard P. Burton, of Vevay, was badly wounded in action at Soissons. Unable to get to the first aid he remained where he had fallen for eighteen hours until he was found by stretcher bearers. He received treatment for a year and although he recovered his health his arm was left in a crippled condition.

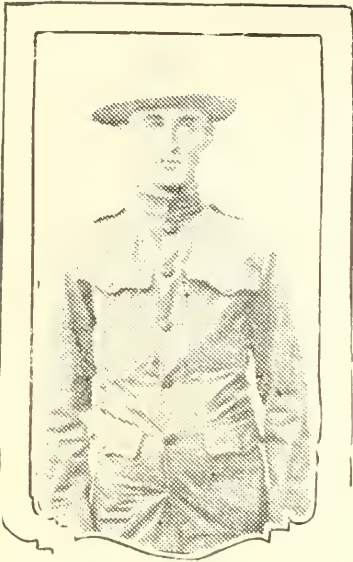
Sam Huff, of near Patriot, was gassed during the summer of 1918 but recovered.

Walter Green, of near Florence, was wounded by a machine gun bullet in August, 1918, and twenty-four hours later, while lying on the ground at a first aid station, he was struck in the foot by a piece of shrapnel.

Robert E. Smith, of near Patriot, was seriously wounded on August 31, 1918. He and four comrades were sent out on a scouting expedition. While crawling through No Man's Land a boche shell burst in their midst. Smith was badly hurt and each of his four comrades was killed.

Lieut. George B. Hall, Jr., was shot down in an airplane battle with huns in September, 1918. Two bullets passed through his legs and one through his arm. His plane crashed to the earth in flames and he was severely burned. His observer was killed.

While doing scout duty in the Argonne Forest George Platt, Jr., of Patriot was shot through the body by a machine gun sniper in October, 1918. He



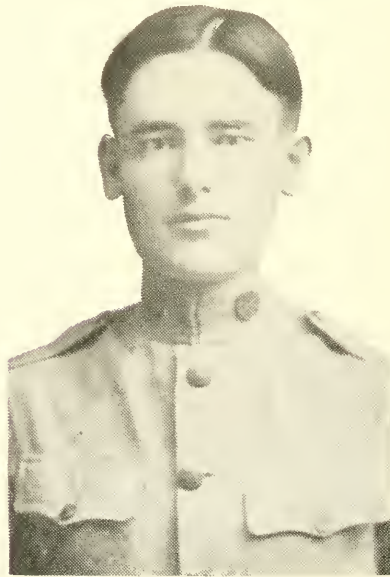
HERBERT NEAL



ROBERT E. SMITH



CHARLIE GRISWOLD



IRVIN FURNISH

crawled about a kilometer to get out of range of the sniper and then was assisted to the first aid by a comrade. Being unable to fight again he was returned to the States, where he fully recovered.

On the morning of September 29, 1918, in a charge that broke the Hindenburg line, Ermon Brown, of Patriot, was shot through the leg by a machine gun bullet. He dropped into a shell hole, bound the wound himself, then crawled out and began fighting again. A few hours later a bullet struck him in the right jaw, tore out the teeth on that side of his face, cut a ridge across the top of his tongue, then passed through the left jaw bone. Holding his jaws together with his hand he walked several hours until he reached the first aid station. Skilled surgeons performed such a marvelous operation that when he recovered his face was not disfigured.

In a drive on the German lines Edward L. Means, of near Vevay, had his ankle broken and was in a hospital for several weeks.

On October 2, 1918, Frank Pelsor, of Vevay, was wounded in the hand, arm and both legs by shrapnel. He recovered.

Vere Graham, 21, of Mt. Sterling, was badly wounded on October 8, 1918. Pieces of a high explosive shell struck him in the right forearm, hand, left wrist and forehead. The piece of metal that buried itself in his forehead was more than an inch long. His health was finally restored but his right hand was left in a crippled condition.

Hubert Hamilton was shot in the shoulder during the early part of October 1918. He recovered rapidly and was mustered out of service in May, 1919.

Pryor Smith, of Center Square, was wounded on the Ypres front in Belgium and after recovering and again getting on the firing line was wounded a second time during a drive in France. He was also decorated for being the first American soldier to enter Belgium, going in as a member of a scouting party.

Claude Barton, of Vevay, was badly shell shocked while in France, and after treatment in a hospital at Camp Sherman, was finally mustered out of service.

Leslie A. Byram was seriously wounded in the shoulder in October, 1918, by a piece of high explosive shell. While lying on the ground a doughboy came along marching four prisoners to the rear. The doughboy forced the prisoners to pick Byram up and carry him to the first aid station. An operation was performed by army surgeons and he finally recovered.

Raymond Scudder, of East Enterprise, was seriously wounded in action a short time before the armistice was signed.

William Bowen, of Vevay, was badly wounded on October 5, 1918, while fighting in the Argonne Forest. Army surgeons operating on him removed a piece of shrapnel weighing one ounce from his leg.

Harry Smith, of Vevay, was gassed in the Argonne Forest and, while in a critical condition for some time, he recovered and arrived at his home in the spring of 1919.

Charles L. Petit was gassed in action and was in a critical condition for some time but finally recovered.

Serg't Gerald Frazier, 17, was struck by five pieces of shrapnel on November 1, 1918, while leading a platoon of men against the Germans. His wounds were not serious and he continued fighting. On the following day a machine gun bullet went through his left arm.

Sylvester Gray, of Craig township, was seriously wounded in action a few minutes before the armistice was signed on the morning of November 11, 1918. He had previously been wounded on August 28, 1918.

Hervey F. Adams, of Craig township, was badly wounded in action in the fall of 1918. He was under treatment in hospitals in France for several weeks and finally was sent back to the States about the first of January, 1919. For several weeks he received further treatment at St. Mary's hospital at Hoboken, and he finally recovered.

In the early part of September, 1918, Halstead Ferguson, member of the Marine Corps, was wounded in the army by shrapnel. The wound was a slight one and he continued fighting until the battle had been won.

Roscoe A. Graham, of Mt. Sterling, was shot through the right leg by a machine gun bullet on July 18, 1918, at Soissons. He was removed to a hospital at Bordeaux and before his wound had entirely healed was sent back to his company and took part in the fighting at St. Mihiel, Champagne, Meuse and the Argonne. His wound left his leg in a shriveled condition.

Chapter V

GEMS OF PATRIOTISM

The week following the declaration of war Mrs. John Devine, of Markland, presented a fine U. S. Flag to the county. It was adjusted to the flag staff for a few days and afterward placed in the court room behind the judge's stand.

In April, 1917, in order to grow more foodstuffs, unused Vevay streets in the Bottoms were plowed up by the city and the use of the ground given free to citizens.

Mrs. H. M. Thiebaud requested Switzerland county people to observe Lafayette Day on Monday, May 7, 1917. In observing the day it was asked that self denial and personal sacrifice be made so that small contributions could be made for French relief. It was pointed out that ten cents would feed one orphaned child one day.

On Thursday night, May 3, 1917, the Vevay tribe of Red Men passed a resolution that all members entering military service during the war should be exempt from the payment of dues until they were discharged. This plan was afterward adopted by every grand lodge in the state of Indiana. During the war the Vevay tribe had 34 members in the service.

Hubert Cole, 17, enlisted in the navy May 15, 1917. For some time he was the youngest man in the service from Switzerland county. Later, however, the honor of being the county's youngest enlisted man was wrested from him by Robert E. Lee, sixteen-year-old grandson of A. J. Works, of Allensville.

Dr. J. P. Ward, well-known Vevay physician, volunteered for military service in the summer of 1917. He was rejected because of his age.

Thomas Bennett, 18, registered for the draft giving his age as 21. Shortly before he was to have been sent to a training camp his correct age was learned by the conscription board and his name was removed from the list of accepted men. It was learned that his mother had been married but nineteen years.

In September, 1917, Mrs. F. D. Wharton secured the privilege of organizing Vevay women for the purpose of making army shirts. A large number of shirts were made until the Vevay branch was discontinued because of a shortage of supplies.

On Saturday, October 13, 1917, citizens sent a home-cooked chicken dinner to the 43 Switzerland county boys in training at Camp Taylor. A truck and two touring cars were required to carry the food to camp.

As a war measure, postage rates were increased on November 2, 1917. The

price of mailing a letter was increased to three cents. The old price of two cents was again put into effect on July 1, 1919.

In 1917 the W. C. T. U. sent a two-pound box of candy as a Christmas present to every soldier from Switzerland county.

In a Y. M. C. A. drive in November, 1917, Switzerland county's quota of \$2,000 was more than doubled. The total contributions were \$4,256.73.

A. J. Works and Henry A. Downey, well-known citizens of Allensville, raised a company of Liberty Guards. Charles Patterson raised a similar company at Florence and Wallace Rochat organized a company at Quercus Grove.

In 1918 four-minute men made addresses at the Royal theatre at each performance, for the purpose of arousing the patriotism of all hearers. All Vevay lawyers and ministers volunteered as speakers.

In the winter of 1917-1918 Switzerland county farmers, in response to a government request, sowed 11,000 acres of wheat.

In January, 1918, Mrs. C. S. Tandy purchased a large quantity of yarn. She and other Vevay women made it up into 37 sweaters and 20 helmets which were sent to the Navy League.

To keep from diminishing the supply of poultry, so that more eggs would be obtainable the following year, a ban against the selling of chickens went into effect February 23, 1918, and was not lifted for several months.

On March 1, 1918, Clay E. Crawford, a traveling man, spoke disrespectfully of the Red Cross while in Vevay. He was arrested by Marshal Smith, and Mayor Campbell fined him \$20.

During 1918 all citizens were urged by the Food Administration to observe the following regulations: "Wheatless Monday. Wheatless Wednesday. Meatless Tuesday. One Wheatless Meal Each Day. Save Fats and Sugar Every Day."

On March 31, 1918, clocks were moved up one hour all over the United States, so that there would be an extra hour of daylight for workers. The order remained in effect until fall. The same plan was followed in 1919.

On April 4, 1918, State Food Administrator H. E. Barnard asked Switzerland county people to stop eating wheat in any form until after the next harvest.

In 1917 Switzerland county citizens began contributing to a fund for the purpose of keeping all Switzerland county boys in France supplied with the same brands of tobacco they had used at home. Because of a government order stopping the sending of parcels to France, the tobacco fund was discontinued April 11, 1918. Before the fund was discontinued four shipments of tobacco were sent to the soldiers and sailors. Citizens contributed \$176.45 to the fund. The amount left on hand, \$87.54, was given to the Switzerland county Red Cross Chapter for the purpose of buying gauze for surgical dressings.

On May 13, 1918, an entertainment for the benefit of the Red Cross was given in Vevay under the direction of Miss Julia Tandy and Mrs. Lucille Shaw. The profits were \$120.

Harry Scott, Florence soldier, was on board the transport *Moldavia*, torpedoed by a German submarine in May, 1918. Along with hundreds of other soldiers he was rescued by patrols forming the convoy. More than 100 soldiers were drowned. After taking part in a battle in France, Scott was reported as "Missing in action," but the report afterward proved to be a mistake.

In June, 1918, Dr. L. H. Bear, Enrollment Agent of the U. S. Department of Labor, called upon Vevay citizens to volunteer to assist in farm work during the months of June, July and August. A number of business men agreed to give one and two days' work each week, but few of them were ever called for by the farmers.

Mrs. Charles Bakes, of near Center Square, in June, 1918, originated a plan for women and girls living in towns to form clubs and assist the women on farms during the canning and threshing seasons, so that more food could be conserved. Her plan was adopted by the women's section of the State Council of Defense and clubs were organized in many counties in Indiana.

In June, 1918, George B. Hall, Jr., Vevay aviator, was promoted to a First Lieutenancy for bravery in action. A war department announcement read, "George B. Hall, Jr., of Vevay, Ind., has been promoted for commendable action."

Miss Mary Siebenthal, daughter of A. J. Siebenthal and wife, who spent the greater part of their lives in Switzerland county, volunteered for canteen work with the Y. M. C. A. and went to France in July, 1918.

Lee Vannatter, Patriot sailor, played ball before the King and Queen of England on July 4, 1918.

Wade G. Mulford, foreman at Dam 39 until he volunteered for service, was killed in action July 18, 1918.

During the first week in August, 1918, Charles E. Pangburn, W. C. Curran and Earl S. Brown started a fund for the purchasing of a steel flag pole for Vevay. The pole was purchased at an expense of more than \$200 and dedication services were held on Monday, September 2. Private John A. Scott, of the Canadian army, delivered an address that was heard by more than 3,000 persons.

During 1918 thirty young women of Vevay organized a chorus known as the Community Singers. They attended all patriotic meetings singing patriotic songs.

Lieut. D. W. Dodd, of near Center Square, was on the U. S. S. *Mt. Vernon* when the vessel was torpedoed September 5, 1918, by a submarine. 35 members of the crew were killed. The vessel reached port safely and Dodd was uninjured.

The Volunteer Medical Corps was organized in Switzerland county during the last week in September, 1918. Dr. J. P. Ward was appointed County Representative. All physicians in the county joined the organization, agreeing to enter the service at any time the government called for them.

During the war the government placed a minimum price of \$15.50 per hundred for the payment of hogs. Before the war was over hogs were selling on foot for \$20 per hundred.

Victory Girls and Victory Boys, an organization of school children under direction of Prof. A. H. Wegener, pledged \$348 for the United War Work Drive. The amount of the pledges ranged from one to five dollars and each pledge was to be redeemed with money earned by the person who subscribed.

Switzerland county's only war baby was born to Mrs. Charles Runyan, of near Antioch, in November, 1918. The father had been in France for several months when the baby was born.

The youngest Red Cross member in the county was a son born to Harvey Scudder and wife, of York township. Two hours after birth the parents had enrolled the child as a member.

Lee Vannatter, of Patriot, served on the U. S. Destroyer Paulding during the war, and his ship was officially credited with sinking two submarines.

Howard Higgins, of near Moorefield, was one of the heroes of the Battle of the Marne. A wounded man whose life he saved wrote a letter back to Switzerland county citizens in which he stated that as the American army was crossing a bridge a German machine gun battery opened up and American soldiers fell dead and wounded into the river. Higgins, he said, in the face of heavy fire, jumped into the river and rescued nine men.

K. Shahaday, a Syrian, but who resided at the home of William Shadday in Switzerland county, and who had taken out naturalization papers, was drafted into the army and went willingly. His father had been drafted into the Turkish army so that father and son were on opposite sides in the war.

On Monday, August 5, 1918, on recommendation of C. S. Tandy, the County Board of Commissioners ordered an honor roll board established at the entrance of the Court House. On this board were painted the names of all Switzerland county men in military service, and also the county's Red Cross nurses.

During the war the price of eggs went to 62 cents per dozen, bread to 10 cents per loaf, flour to \$13 per barrel, hens to 28 cents per pound on foot; spring chickens, 60 cents per pound; sugar 11 cents per pound; wheat, \$2.25 per bushel; corn, \$2 per bushel; cattle, 12 cents per pound; tobacco on loose leaf markets, 25 cents to 65 cents per pound; rabbits, 30 cents each; oranges, bananas and lemons, 60 cents per dozen; steak, 40 cents per pound; bacon, 50 cents per pound; ham, 60 cents per pound and lard, 40 cents per pound. Butterfat went as high as 72 cents per pound. Men's clothing just about doubled in price. Shoes that formerly sold for \$4 per pair jumped to \$8 and \$10 per pair, and finer shoes sold as high as \$15 per pair. The cost of farming implements was increased nearly one-half. Dry goods doubled in price and in some instances tripled in value.

Charlie Golay, 20, son of Charles A. Golay, and one time a resident of Vevay, was killed in a southern training camp in August, 1917. While riding on a gun carriage he was kicked on the head by a mule.

On October 25, 1917, women of Switzerland county were asked to sign a pledge agreeing to conserve food throughout the war. Each signer was given a card which she was requested to hang in a window of her home. Nearly every woman in the county signed the food conservation pledge.

Dr. Charles Loomis, well-known physician who resided in Switzerland county for many years, died while on duty with the American Expeditionary Forces in Germany, January 12, 1919.

For a year before the war, Mexico had been giving trouble to the United States and 20,000 troops were stationed along the border. John A. Danglade Jr., of Vevay, was a member of the 163rd Infantry and spent the greater part of the year 1916 along the Texas frontier. His term of enlistment expired about the time war was declared on Germany and when he tried to re-enlist war department officials refused to take him because he was a chemist. He was told that the government needed him more in a laboratory, and throughout the war he followed his profession, his work all being done for the government.

Chapter VI

THE CONSCRIPTION BOARD

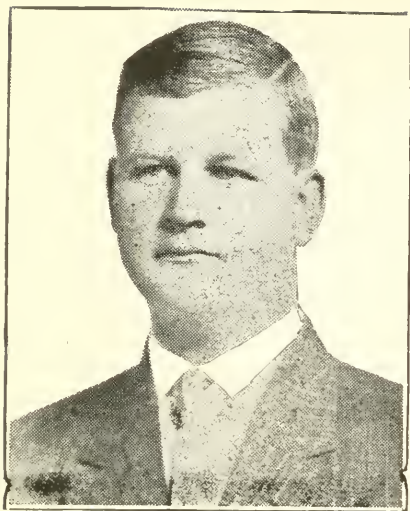
On Saturday night, April 28, 1917, House and the Senate passed the Conscription Law, whereby it became compulsory for every male citizen between the ages of 21 and 30 inclusive, to register for military service. A few hours after the law was passed Governor Goodrich appointed Switzerland county's first Conscription Board as follows: Attorney James S. Wright, County Clerk Jesse P. Curry, and Sheriff Thomas Pickett. Later it became necessary for one member of the board to be a physician and James S. Wright resigned, his place being filled by Dr. J. P. Ward. Attorney C. S. Tandy was made a member of the board to act on claims for exemption. Because of poor health he was forced to resign in August, 1917, and he was succeeded by Prosecutor Wallace J. Cotton.

On May 1st the Conscription Board named the following men to attend to the registration in the various precincts in the county:

Jefferson Township, Precinct No. 1, John Heady
Jefferson Township, Precinct No. 2, Forrest A. Griffith
Jefferson Township, Precinct No. 3, D. G. Manning
Jefferson Township, Precinct No. 4, Lee Wright
Jefferson Township, Precinct No. 5, Amie Nelson
York Township, Precinct No. 1, I. H. Patterson
York Township, Precinct No. 2, Ben F. Bennett
Posey Township, Precinct No. 1, William Brown
Posey Township, Precinct No. 2, C. D. Green
Posey Township, Precinct No. 3, Harry Rochat
Cotton Township, Precinct No. 1, Elmer Ford
Cotton Township, Precinct No. 2, Harry Pavy
Pleasant Township, Precinct No. 1, W. Scott Welch
Pleasant Township, Precinct No. 2, John S. Spencer
Craig Township, Precinct No. 1, George Madary
Craig Township, Precinct No. 2, Emory Brown
Craig Township, Precinct No. 3, Albert Walters

The work of the Conscription Board grew to such proportions that it demanded almost the undivided time of each member of the Board. And because they did not have the time to care for this work as it should be done members Curry and Pickett resigned and were succeeded by County Recorder O. P. Courtney and Rev. F. E. Hammel.

The first registration of men of conscription age was held in the county on June 5, 1917. On that date 681 men between the ages of 21 and 31 years register-



EDWIN E. DANNER



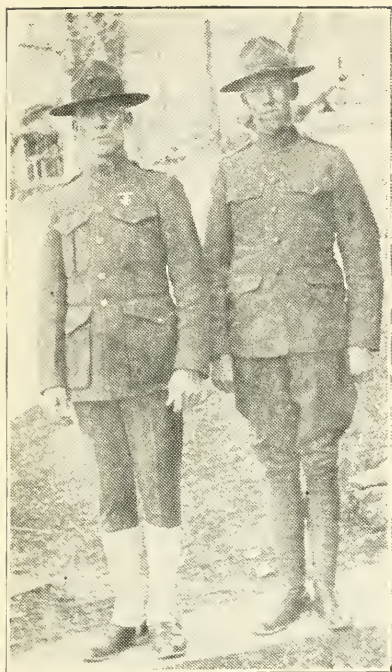
BENNET STEWART



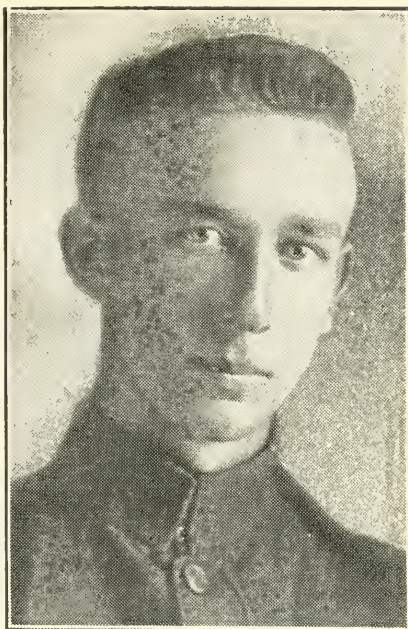
RAY WAKEFIELD



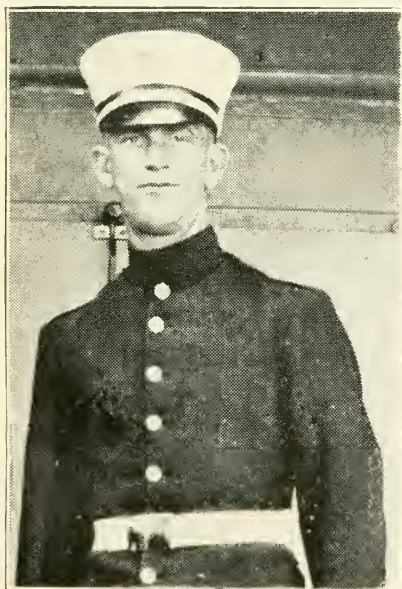
ERNEST LACKIAND



GEORGE & WINFIELD ENGLISH



VERE GRAHAM



WILLIAM G. VANDEVER



LEON BUSCHMANN

ed. On the registration blanks were places to be filled in by all men who had relatives dependent upon them for support. Of the 681 registrants 326 of them had dependents. A few of the men with dependents, however, refused to enter a claim for exemption, and the total who did not claim exemption was 268. The registration was accomplished without friction of any kind and nearly all youths who registered expressed a willingness to enter service in the war against Germany. All members of the precinct boards did their work without pay.

On June 5, 1918, all Switzerland county boys who had attained the age of 21 years since June 5, 1917, were ordered to register for service. It was known that the registration would be small and, accordingly, notices were published in the newspapers instructing all youths of 21 to register at the Court House in Vevay. During the day eighty-six young men registered for service, and a number of them were afterward drafted, trained, sent to France and took part in the battles which led to victory.

On August 16, 1918, eighteen more Switzerland county men registered for service.

On August 31, 1918, President Wilson affixed his signature to a new draft bill which provided that all male citizens of the United States, between the ages of 18 and 45, must register for military service on Thursday, September 12th. Men 45 years old and who had not attained their 46th birthday were subject to call and were ordered to register. President Wilson announced on the day he signed the bill that boys under 20 years of age would not be sent to camps until all available men from 20 to 45 had been drafted.

Places of registration were at all voting precincts in the county. Prior to registration day estimates had been made that there would be about 700 men in Switzerland county to register. However, when the names were counted it was found that there were 1081. In several places in the county fathers and their sons registered. In Jefferson township Morton Bennett and his son Walter each registered for service. The father was 43 years old and the son celebrated his 18th birthday on the night before he registered.

This registration was remarkable for the feeling of patriotism that was displayed. At each registration place men of middle age, many of them heads of families, announced that they would not claim exemption, and from their conversation it was very evident that scores of husbands and fathers were more than anxious to get into the firing line in France.

During the war 1,866 Switzerland county men and boys registered for military service, an average of one out of about every five inhabitants. Of the total number of registrants, many were physically unfit for service and several hundred more had relatives dependent upon them for support. About 397 men were conscripted and sent to camps, but many of these were discharged shortly after reaching their destinations as being unfit for duty.

The members of the Switzerland County Conscription Board cannot be too highly praised. Fully half of their time was devoted to war work, and they gave

their time just as willingly and cheerfully as the dough boy did in France. At times during the war members of the Board were bitterly censured and cries of "favoritism" and "politics" were heard. Throughout the war the writer kept in close touch with the Board, however, and it is his honest conviction that the members of the Board did their work only as honest and honorable American citizens would do. The only thought that filled their minds was to do their work thoroughly, selecting the best material for service, so that the war would more speedily come to an end.

Chapter VII

THE RED CROSS CHAPTER AND ITS FOURTEEN AUXILIARIES

Shortly after war was declared, at a neighborly gathering at the home of Mrs. J. P. Ward in Vevay, the possibility of a Red Cross organization was discussed, and on the following Sunday an invitation was read from various church pulpits asking the ladies to meet at the home of Mrs. E. M. Stevens for the purpose of doing war work. Quite a number of women responded, and at this meeting plans were made to organize a Red Cross Chapter in Switzerland county. A communication was sent to the Red Cross State Headquarters and following receipt of instructions from there application was made for a charter, the application being signed by twelve persons.

Upon receipt of permission for a Chapter the organization was completed May 23, 1917, Judge F. M. Griffith being named Chairman, Dr. John P. Ward, Vice-Chairman; Miss Alice Yonge, Secretary, and C. C. Shaw, Treasurer. The following nine directors were also chosen:

F. M. Griffith, E. M. Stevens, and Miss Alice Yonge to hold office until October 31, 1917; R. N. Tirey, John P. Ward and Albert S. Woollen to hold until October 31, 1918; R. M. Campbell, C. C. Shaw and Mrs. E. P. Danglade to hold until October 31, 1919, or until their successors were elected.

The Chairman appointed the following Executive Committee: R. N. Tirey, R. M. Campbell, John P. Ward, C. C. Shaw, and Mrs. E. P. Danglade.

On October 28, 1917, the annual election of the Chapter was held. Dr. John P. Ward was chosen Chairman and served faithfully throughout the duration of the war. The Vice-Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary were retained. Three directors were elected to hold office until October 31, 1919, or longer if necessary. Their names follow: F. M. Griffith, E. M. Stevens and Dr. R. M. Copeland.

When the first War Fund Drive began the organization was just getting started. A finance committee was named to handle the drive, and it was composed of R. M. Campbell, Chairman; C. S. Tandy, C. C. Shaw, Mrs. W. W. Fry, and Miss Evelyn Craig. Eight team captains were named: A. B. Shaw, L. E. Smith, Frank Riley, O. P. Courtney, W. W. Fry, A. V. Danner, W. J. Cotton and Rev. W. T. Dart.

Switzerland county's proportion of the War Fund was \$1,500. The drive was opened in Vevay with a mass meeting in the Court House on Sunday, June 17, 1917. About 200 people attended the meeting at which talks were made by local citizens and a patriotic program was rendered. Sunday night four car-

loads of Vevay people went to Patriot where a meeting was addressed by Judge F. M. Griffith and Mayor R. M. Campbell. During the remainder of the week a "flying squadron," accompanied by Rev. Caton, a State Headquarters man, held nightly meetings at towns in the county. As a result of the drive Switzerland county went over the top, subscribing \$2,277.87.

Following the organization of the Red Cross Chapter in Vevay fourteen auxiliaries were formed in various parts of the county and the Red Cross continued to grow until the membership numbered 3,000. This was an average of one member out of about every three inhabitants in the county. A dollar paid for a year's membership in the organization.

Following are the names of the fourteen auxiliaries that were organized in the county, and each auxiliary's Chairman and Treasurer:

Allensville—Mrs. Henry Downey, Chairman; Miss Emma Gary, Treasurer
 Bennington—Miss Jessie Lock, Chairman; Mrs. Florence Roachat, Treasurer
 Braytown—Mrs. E. W. Shaw, Chairman; Mrs. Charles Lorch, Treasurer
 Center Square—Mrs. Jno. Peabody, Chairman; Mrs. Clarence Stevens, Treasurer
 East Enterprise—Mrs. Adolphus Hyde, Chairman; Miss Minnie Stow, Treasurer
 Florence—Lecil Peak Gullion, Chairman, Mrs. Dora Parker, Treasurer
 Fairview—Mrs. Festus Flynn, Chairman; Mrs. Nellie Lee, Treasurer
 Mt. Sterling—Mrs. Tom Cotton, Chairman; Miss Clela Griffith, Treasurer
 Lamb—Mrs. Mary Robenstein, Chairman; Mrs. Leslie Scott, Treasurer
 Moorefield—Mrs. George Copeland, Chairman; Miss Nell Culbertson, Treasurer
 Markland—Miss Golda Shanahan, Chairman; Mrs. S. L. Benedict, Treasurer
 Patriot—Miss Fanny White, Chairman; Miss Minnie Schroeder, Treasurer
 Quercus Grove—Mrs. Ira Nave, Chairman; Miss Gladys Wilson, Treasurer
 River—Mrs. Earl Shaw, Chairman; Miss Mable Kirkpatrick, Treasurer

The second Red Cross War Fund, \$3,000, was not raised by popular subscription. Between the first and second Red Cross drives for funds a County War Chest Organization had been formed, and the county's quota in this drive was paid out by the War Chest Organization.

Once each week, from the day the Switzerland County Chapter was organized until the close of the war, hundreds of women met at the Chapter Headquarters, and at the auxiliaries, and sewed on garments for refugees, surgical dressings, hospital supplies and articles for soldiers, marines and sailors.

After American soldiers went into action in France in the summer of 1917, wounded men were suffering and dying for proper care and the dressing of the shell-torn flesh. A call came for surgical dressings and Switzerland county's women quickly responded, being eager to provide these essentials by which many lives were saved.

The Switzerland County Chapter needed an instructor. The Madison Chapter, learning of this need, offered to train some one, and Miss Edith Golay volunteered to take the course of instruction. She satisfactorily passed the examination and received the instructor's certificate.

For a time after its organization, the Switzerland County Chapter held their meeting in the Vevay M. E. church. From there they opened headquarters in the High School auditorium, but when fall came, larger quarters were needed. At this time the Vevay Deposit Bank said: "Accept rooms in our building," and the offer was gratefully accepted. The rooms, light and heat were furnished free of any charges, and few other Chapters throughout the state had better equipment or more pleasant quarters.

Miss Golay organized a surgical dressing training class, and throughout the remainder of the war every moment of her time was devoted to this work. Each day she superintended the work of different classes, and the writer sincerely believes that no person in Switzerland county did more for the boys at the front than Miss Golay.

Those who studied the required course, passed both oral and written examination with the highest merits, and were presented with an instructor's certificate by the Division Superintendent at Cleveland, Ohio, are as follows: Mrs. William O. Protsman, Mrs. Lucille Shaw, Mrs. H. M. Thiebaud, Miss Anna Sutherland, Miss Afra Brindley, Miss Pauline Banta and Miss Julia Tandy.

Besides the above class there were a large number of women who gave equally as much time by the real making of dressings. Many thousands of yards of materials were used. Gauze compresses of all sizes, cotton pads and pads of various materials, muslin bandages, a total of 14,700. These dressings were so accurately made, folded and packed, that the inspector at the shipping point said, "They are perfectly made."

Six times every week this splendid organization met. Day after day, week after week and month after month the women went to the Red Cross rooms and worked for the boys at the front. With every stitch went an unspoken prayer that that particular bandage would be the means of saving some mother's son. So closely and diligently did they apply their energies that their names should be linked forever with the victory which came on November 11, 1918. We name them as follows:

Mrs. R. M. Copeland	Miss Jennie Demann
Miss Sara Hall	Miss Mary Waldenmaier
Mrs. Frank Riley	Mrs. L. H. Bear
Miss Fannie Culbertson	Miss Laura Lamson
Mrs. John Brockschlager	Mrs. William E. Ogle
Mrs. Joe Krummel	Miss Hannah Waldenmaier
Mrs. William Burton	Miss Fanny Shadday
Mrs. Laurie Brown	Mrs. Julia Williams
Mrs. Will Stevens	Mrs. Julia Gaudin
Miss Mary Lanham	Mrs. A. J. Williams
Miss Elizabeth Brockschlager	Mrs. Jacob Wahl
Miss Beatrice Babcock	Miss Mable Babcock
Miss Helen Protsman	Miss Mary Miller

Mrs. James S. Wright	Miss Julia Knox
Miss Jeanette Copeland	Mrs. Ben M. Bledsoe
Mrs. Fred L. Haskell	Miss Emma Brockschlager
Miss Anna Brockschlager	Mrs. Everett O'Neal
Mrs. Wilbur Houze	Miss Annette Danglade
Mrs. E. P. Danglade	Miss Falba Lyons
Miss Nella Reser	Mrs. Fred Binder
Miss Grace Golay	Miss Anna Lura Baird
Miss Irene Babcock	

Following is a brief summary of the work done by the Switzerland County Red Cross Chapter and its fourteen auxiliaries:

Refugee Garments.....	2,467
Surgical Dressings.....	14,700
Hospital Supplies.....	3,742
Hospital Garments.....	4,183
Articles for Soldiers, Marines and Sailors.....	2,293
Total articles made	27,385

The organization shipped 3,832 pounds of worn clothing to refugees, 44 quilts and 9 barrels and bags of nuts, the latter being used to manufacture carbon, a substance that saved soldiers from death by German gas.

Amount of money received from memberships.....	\$6,093.00
Donations.....	1,936.47

Besides the work done at home by the Chapter and its auxiliaries five of the county's young ladies volunteered as Red Cross nurses, namely as follows: Miss Stella Miller, Miss Lula Schroeder, Miss Lula Shanahan, Miss Mae Shanahan and Miss Nina Washmuth. The first four named served many months at hospitals near the firing line, while Miss Washmuth's service was among the sick in the camps.

The Home Service Section of the Red Cross was organized February 15, 1918, with Wallace J. Cotton Chairman and Miss Evelyn Craig Executive Secretary. Other members of the committee were Mrs. C. S. Tandy, Miss Julia Dufour, Miss Hannah Waldenmaier, Rev. W. E. Brown, Rev. W. T. Dart, Dr. H. M. Thiebaud, Dr. L. H. Bear and James S. Wright.

The following chairmen were chosen for the townships and each chairman was given the privilege of selecting his own committee:

- Cotton Township, Eugene Stoops
- Posey Township, E. E. Hufford
- Pleasant Township, W. Scott Welch
- Craig Township, James Banta
- York Township, Edgar Siebenthal
- Jefferson Township, Clarence Stevens

The regular meeting of the joint committees was held the first Friday in each month.

The Home Service Section gave information and assistance of various kinds to about one hundred soldiers' families. In some cases money was given. Delayed allotments were looked after, compensation was secured, the sick in the family were given medical attendance. Soldiers whose whereabouts had become unknown were located. At the end of the war earlier discharges were secured for many soldiers who were needed at home. And the disabled were urged to avail themselves of the vocational training provided them by the government.

Chapter VIII

THE WAR CHEST ORGANIZATION

As the United States entered her second year in the World War it became apparent that if Switzerland county was to continue to meet the demands made on her for funds to aid the boys in the service some kind of an organization would have to be formed. Accordingly, on May 9, 1918, a number of citizens from all parts of the county met at the Red Cross rooms in the Vevay Deposit Bank Building and organized the Switzerland County War Chest Organization.

Benjamin M. Bledsoe was made President; W. W. Fry, Vice-President; E. T. Coleman, Treasurer, and Charles L. Kincaid, Secretary. The following directors were also chosen:

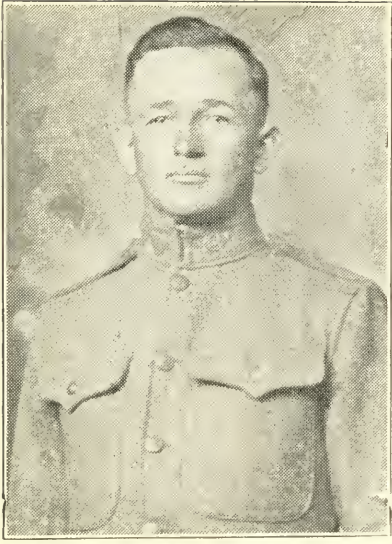
Charles C. Shaw, E. T. Coleman, George N. Reeves, E. E. Hufford, George Graham, Earl Shaw, Harry Rochat, William E. Poston, P. H. Wallick, W. Scott Welch, James B. Banta, Lincoln Means, Edwin Ferguson, Edgar Siebenthal, Virgil Dunning, W. S. Humphrey, Rev. John Dennis, E. W. Shaw, Harry Tapp and Roger Holder. Rev. John Dennis later moved away from the county and Dilver Clark was elected to succeed him. All officers of the organization held office until the War Chest was finally discontinued.

At the organization meeting it was agreed to designate the week of May 19 to 25, 1918, as the time in which to make a house to house canvas in the county for funds to meet all demands made during the coming year.

A week before the drive was started patriotic meetings were held at every town in the county. Ministers, lawyers and business men addressed the meetings, explaining why a War Chest was needed in Switzerland county, and pleading with their audiences to open the purse strings wide and subscribe every dollar possible.

On the morning of May 19th the directors of the organization started the drive. A house to house canvas was made and every man and woman in the county was given a pledge card on which to pledge the amount he or she would give to the War Chest during the next year.

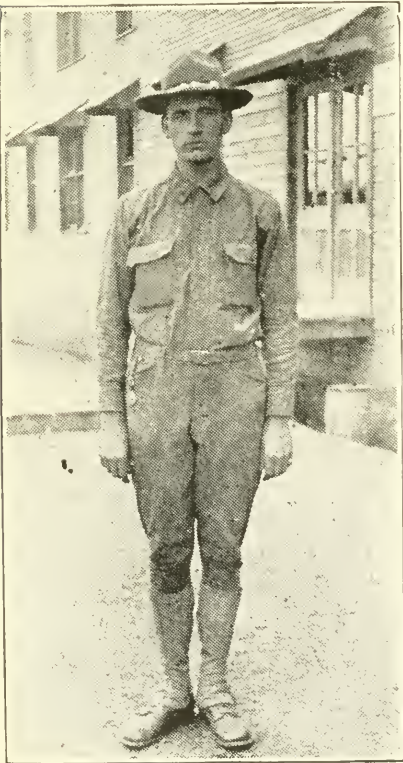
Strange as it may seem, a few slackers were found. In some instances men of means refused to subscribe a single penny to the War Chest and their names were reported to the County Council of Defense. The action taken by that body was another of its many deeds that was not made public. Some of the slackers were called before the Council of Defense. What was said or done need not be told. Suffice it to say that in most instances when the Council of Defense had gotten through with the slacker he pledged himself to pay a certain amount into the War Chest.



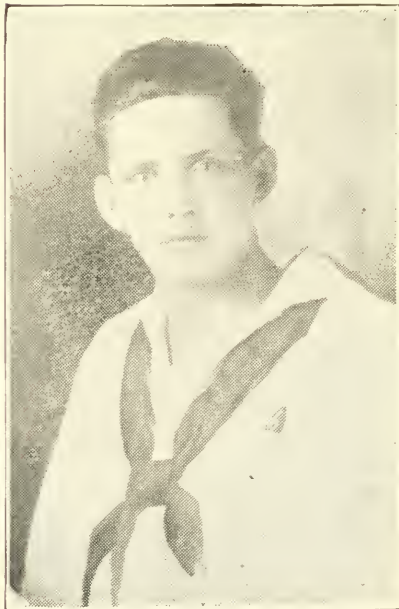
BLUFORD HUMPHREY



HIRAM BAKES



ERMON BROWN



V. E. KELLEY

Switzerland county people, as a whole, subscribed liberally to the War Chest. Many people, fired with patriotism and a desire to help our boys on the firing line, subscribed more money than they could afford to pay.

A woman in Vevay who helped support a large family by taking in washings, subscribed \$4.80. A widow dependent upon a small pension for support, insisted upon subscribing \$6. William Sanders, an ex-slave, unable to work, and who lived on a small pension, subscribed \$6. A colored tenant on a farm subscribed \$25.

One example of unselfish sacrifice is worthy of especial notice. Robert Gross, sixteen-year-old son of William Gross and wife, of York township, gave more than any man in Switzerland county; he gave every penny he had in the world. George Reeves, York township director, was making a house to house canvass soliciting funds. Realizing that William Gross and his family, who owned a tiny farm, were heavily in debt, he decided not to ask them for a subscription. However, at the home of Gross's neighbor, Charlie Pickett, Mr. Reeves was informed that Mrs. Gross had left word for him to come to their house. Arriving there Mrs. Gross said to him: "Mr. Reeves, you know we just can't give anything, although we would like to, but Robert, here, has some money he wants to give you." The boy explained he needed a suit of clothes and that for some time he had been saving every nickel he earned. During several months he had succeeded in saving five dollars. When he learned of the War Chest drive he studied the matter over carefully and came to the conclusion that the American soldiers in France needed to be taken care of more than he needed a new suit of clothes. Mr. Reeves tried to get the boy not to give all the money, but the lad replied: "They need it, and I'm going to make this old suit do another year." Afterward Mr. Reeves told the story to several friends. Mrs. Jim Bennett learned of the lad's patriotism and among her neighbors she raised more than ten dollars. Other persons who heard of it sent money to Mr. Reeves until there was enough on hand to buy Robert Gross the finest suit of clothes he had ever owned in his life.

When the week's drive was over Switzerland county citizens had pledged \$23,175 to the War Chest, which was an average of \$2.31 for every man, woman and child in the county. The subscription by townships was as follows:

Posey Township.....	\$4,600.00
York Township.....	2,900.00
Cotton Township.....	2,608.00
Pleasant Township.....	2,650.00
Craig Township.....	2,755.00
Jefferson Township, outside of Vevay.....	2,684.00
City of Vevay.....	4,978.00

On June 2, 1918, the War Chest paid Switzerland county's quota of \$3,000 to the American Red Cross.

At a meeting of the War Chest directors on September 1, 1918, \$300 worth of Smileage Books were purchased and a number of these were sent to Switzerland county soldiers in American training camps. All selected men who left the county after that date were also supplied with these books, which enabled the soldiers to attend shows at the camp free of charge.

On November 10, 1918, the organization allowed the county's quota of \$8,301 to the United War Work Fund.

On February 2, 1919, at a meeting of the directors, \$1,000 was voted for the Armenian Relief Fund.

During the Salvation Army drive in May, 1919, the War Chest directors voted the county's quota of \$1,500. At the same time they also allowed \$61.20 to the Y. W. C. A., which amount was the quota asked of the county.

During the little more than a year of its existence the War Chest answered every plea made on the county for funds to aid war causes, the total amount of their contributions being \$14,162.20.

The officers of the War Chest Organization were all representative men of their communities, and they each, unselfishly, willingly gave many days of their time to the aid of the boys in the service.

Chapter IX

THE FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Immediately following the declaration of war, Governor James P. Goodrich, of Indiana, sent a telegram to attorney James S. Wright, asking that a patriotic meeting be held in Vevay Saturday afternoon, April 14th. The main auditorium was packed to overflowing and it was necessary to open the gallery to accommodate the crowds. The meeting was called to order by James S. Wright, and patriotic speeches were delivered by E. T. Kirkendoff, of Purdue University, Rev. Joseph Lindsay, of the Vevay Presbyterian Church, and Hon. Marcus Sulzer, of Madison. Mr. Sulzer, known as one of the ablest orators in Indiana, delivered the greatest speech of his career at this meeting.

E. T. Kirkendoff made a plea to Switzerland county farmers that they begin planning immediately to grow more foodstuffs than ever before, telling them the success of the war would depend entirely upon the amount of foods grown by them. In answer to his suggestion the Switzerland County Food Production and Conservation Committee was organized as follows:

President, Prof. R. N. Tirey
Chairman Posey township, E. E. Hufford
Chairman York township, George N. Reeves
Chairman Cotton township, Eugene Stoops
Chairman Craig township, Albert Shaw
Chairman Jefferson township, Forrest A. Griffith
Chairman Pleasant township, John B. Rochat

On April 19, 1917, just thirteen days after war was declared, the first call on Switzerland county citizens to conserve food was made by R. N. Tirey, President of the County Organization. At the same time he called on every patriotic farmer to increase his acreage of foodstuffs.

On April 26th unused Vevay streets in the river bottoms were plowed up and the ground was given, rent free, to persons who would agree to grow foodstuffs.

From Saturday, May 12th, to Friday, May 18th, food meetings were held at every point in the county, certain speakers addressing as many as three different meetings in one evening. The sole object of these meetings was to impress upon the citizens the necessity for conserving food and arouse the patriotism of the farmers so they would plant more acres of foodstuffs than ever before.

Sunday, July 1, 1917, was known as "Food Saving Day" in Switzerland county, and pastors in all churches urged their hearers to conserve every ounce of food possible.

Miss Nellie Rowe, a State expert, gave a demonstration of vegetable canning in towns throughout the county during the week of July 23 to July 28.

On August 3rd a State speaker, Otis Crane, of Purdue, delivered addresses to farmers at points in the county, urging them to grow more wheat than ever before.

The U. S. Food Administration was created by act of Congress August 10, 1917, to provide further for the national security and defense by encouraging the production, conserving the supply and controlling the distribution of food products. It was chiefly a voluntary organization brought into being at a time of great national stress to assist in solving one of the greatest problems presented by the world crisis.

Each state was provided with a Food Control organization and in turn each county Food Administrator was directly responsible to the Federal Food Administrator of the state for the enforcement of the food control law within the county. He was also responsible for the observance of the regulations and plans of the Federal Food Administration in so far as they applied to the distribution of foods and conservation of foodstuffs.

In November, 1917, Dr. J. W. Smith upon recommendation by the County Council of Defense was appointed Federal Food Administrator for Switzerland county, by Dr. H. E. Barnard, Federal Food Administrator for the State. He immediately began effecting the county organization, and in the early enforcement of rules, when people had hardly had sufficient time to see the necessity for such measures, there was criticism, but Dr. Smith never wavered or swerved from the path of duty.

There was no compensation whatever for this work, it being entirely a patriotic service. Dr. Smith served faithfully until March 2, 1918, when he suddenly passed away.

On March 26, 1918, Dr. Hugh M. Thiebaud was appointed Federal Food Administrator to succeed Dr. Smith in the long and tedious work and every grocer in the county was made a member of the organization. Mrs. H. M. Thiebaud assisted in the clerical work, and did the stenographic work to the end.

All grocers in the county, 36 in all, reported to the Administrator each Monday on blanks prepared for the purpose, the amount of flour and sugar purchased the previous week by their customers. The total amount of sugar used in the county for the canning season of 1918 was 135,002 pounds. The amount allotted to the county to November 1, 1918, was $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for each person, and on October 1st more than this amount had been consumed. The average allotted to each inhabitant of the county was 15 pounds, and no more certificates could be issued. For table use in homes, hotels, and restaurants the amount allotted for each person was 3 pounds for every 90 meals. All sugar secured by retailers was obtained on certificates issued by the Federal Food Administrator.

On January 15, 1918, E. P. Downey went to Indianapolis as representative of the Switzerland County Grocers to attend a conference pertaining to the regulation of prices. Upon his return home a meeting of all grocers in the county was called, and Mr. Downey reported that State Administrator Barnard had asked him to report to the Switzerland County Grocers that they would be allowed a few more weeks in which to compel their customers to use less foods, and, if they failed, then the stores would be taken over by the government and a government man would superintend the distribution of food in the county. At this meeting Dr. J. W. Smith, the County Administrator, stated that if he found any merchant in Switzerland county violating the order about selling limited amounts of foodstuffs to his customers, the merchant would be reported to federal authorities and prosecuted by the government.

Food became so scarce at the beginning of 1918, that drastic measures were taken by the government. At that time it seemed that the whole outcome of the war depended on the conserving of food at home, and on January 26 President Wilson issued a proclamation which established the following regulations:

Wheatless Monday, Wheatless Wednesday, one wheatless meal each day, Meatless Tuesday, Porkless Saturday, one meatless meal each day. Save sugar every day. Save fats every day. At the same time Dr. Thiebaud was instructed to see that all groceries, meat shops, bakeries and confectioneries in the county remained closed on each Sunday.

On January 28th an order was given to all dealers compelling them to sell an equal amount of wheat flour substitutes with every order of wheat flour. The substitutes were barley, buckwheat and corn flours, corn meal, corn starch, corn grits, hominy, oatmeal, potato flour, rice and rice flour, rolled oats, soya bean flour and sweet potato flour. When this order went into effect there was lots of grumbling. Dr. Thiebaud came in for bitter criticism until the following telegram from Food Administrator Herbert Hoover, of Washington, was received and made public: "Flour substitute regulations must stand. Deviation cannot be permitted. Situation critical. Rules are made to save wheat flour and help win the war."

"Victory Bread" became a reality on Sunday, February 24, 1918. Commencing on that date all bakers were required to use at least 20 pounds of substitutes with each 80 pounds of flour used. The wholesale and retail price of bread was also fixed by the government—the retail price being 10 cents for a one-pound loaf and 15 cents for a one-and-a-half pound loaf.

Beginning February 23, 1918, and continuing until April 30th no hens were permitted to be killed.

In May, 1918, the Vevay Ice Plant was ordered to discontinue the sale of ice on Sundays, which was to be used for the manufacture of ice cream.

On May 11th further restrictions were placed on bread, only two ounces being allowed to each person at each meal.

At the beginning of the threshing season in 1918, Dr. Thiebaud called a meeting of all wheat growers and threshermen in the county to be held at the Court House on June 5th. William Geiske was chosen inspector of the threshermen. At this meeting the prices for threshing were fixed as follows: Wheat, 8 cents; rye, 9 cents; oats, 5 cents.

About this time an order was issued prohibiting farmers from having rye ground to feed hogs, or from hogging down their rye, without a permit from Dr. Thiebaud. To obtain such a permit the farmer was compelled to make affidavit to the Food Administrator that he had no corn or other feed for his hogs.

In August, 1918, for the purpose of further conserving food, it was decided to organize food clubs in the county. Miss Mary Tandy was made Organizer of Clubs and on September 18th, the Vevay Club was organized with Mrs. E. P. Downey, chairman. A few weeks later Miss Tandy left Vevay to attend college and Mrs. Downey was appointed President of the Food Clubs in Switzerland county.

During the late summer of 1917, the prices that prevailed on staple articles were as follows: Milk, 10 cents; bread, 10 cents pound; lard, 33 cents pound; cream cheese, 35 cents pound; butter, 65 cents pound; potatoes, 50 cents peck; rice, 15 cents pound; oleomargarine, 38 cents pound.

As a whole Switzerland county citizens unhesitatingly obeyed every order issued by the Food Administrator. They used corn bread instead of wheat bread, learned to drink their coffee without sugar, did without beef one day each week, without pork one day each week and observed at least one meatless and one wheatless meal each day. In the fall of 1918, Dr. Thiebaud carrying out the orders of the U. S. Food Administrator Hoover, urged all housewives to can every vegetable and every ounce of fruit. "Let nothing go to waste" was the slogan, and the order was obeyed by all.

The following lines, written at that time will give an idea of what was done by the women in their effort to conserve food:

"They are bottling juice to beat the deuce, and beans to beat the Dutch. You growl and chew, they'll can you, too—you don't amount to much. While on the floor in streaks of gore the ketchup paints a frieze from leaky pans, for she who cans must mind her p's and q's. Oh, the penetrating, palpitating pungent sauer kraut brings back memories of the days before we turned the rascals out. But the Missus and the hired girl are proud to boil and stew, and keep on canning cabbage—Mister Hoover told them to.

"But when all this canning's over and you think you've had enough, you're just beginning, for next spring you have to eat the stuff. You'll have pickled beets for breakfast eats and chow-chow for desert; you'll feed yourself from pantry shelves until your tummies hurt. Oh, the long and cruel winter, with its surplus of preserves! Oh, the fast expanding waistcoat and its ever widening curves! But the Missus and the hired girl are bound to see it through. They'll eat until they burst—Mister Hoover told them to.

"Daddy, dear, and did you hear the stuff that's going round? The house is crammed with jell and jam—there's no place to sit down. The parlor chairs are full of pears, the floor is strewn with pits and other stuff—it is enough to give a body fits. Oh, the sickening, boiling sugar and the pungent smell of spice, fill our noses till we holler, 'Give us peace at any price.' But the Missus and the hired girl come back with this at you: 'We're canning corn and onions—Mister Hoover told us to.'

"They are cutting corn in early morn, and shelling peas at noon; and if the night is very bright they'll dry them by the moon. The walls are sprayed with marmalade, the ceiling drips with steam. You cannot sleep, the demons keep on teasing while you dream. Oh, the smelly mustard pickle and the odoriferous clove, and the surplus syrup scorching as it spills upon the stove! But the Missus and the hired girl don't give a hang for you; they're canning grapes and apples—Mister Hoover told them to."

Dr. Thiebaud was Switzerland county's Federal Food Administrator until all restrictions had been removed and the Administration discontinued. Regardless of public opinion he saw that the food restrictions were obeyed to the letter. He sacrificed his medical practice to a great extent in fulfilling his duties to the government and he did his bit just as truly as the boys in the trenches. His business-like manner in handling the work brought praise from the State Food Administrator and no official holding a similar position in Indiana made a better record than he.

Chapter X

THE COUNTY COUNCIL OF DEFENSE

Upon recommendation to the State Council of Defense by F. M. Griffith, Judge of the Switzerland Circuit Court, the following named persons were chosen in June, 1917, to constitute the Switzerland County Council of Defense: Charles E. Danner, F. A. Griffith, Mrs. L. H. Bear, E. E. Hufford, John W. Johnson, C. S. Tandy as Chairman, and James S. Wright as Secretary. Mr. Tandy continued as Chairman until January 1, 1918, when, on account of poor health, he resigned, and Leonard E. Smith was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The objects of the Council of Defense were as follows:

To promote the patriotic spirit.

To educate as to the magnitude of the task ahead in the war.

To assist in carrying out the enrollment for the army by conscription.

To assist in getting idle workers and boys below military age to work on farms.

To call on persons of means who refused to contribute money to war causes.

To investigate all reported cases of pro-Germanism, in an effort to make such persons realize their real duty as Americans.

The County Council of Defense might be termed the Senior War Board, for through them and their recommendations were all other War Boards and Committees pertaining to war work selected and appointed.

The work of the County Council of Defense was never entirely disclosed to the public for the reason that the Board felt that publicity might be a detriment to their work, and time has shown that they were right.

The largest single task the County Council of Defense had to contend with was the handling of those who failed to do their duty towards the Switzerland County War Chest Fund. A large number of persons who were able emphatically refused to subscribe any amount whatever to the War Chest. Their names were given to the Council of Defense and the Board succeeded in pointing out to them how they were failing to do their duty, and thereby obtained additional funds for the War Chest and secured the loyal support of those persons in all war activities. The seven or eight who failed to respond to the call of the nation and advice of the Council of Defense were named in the Vevay papers so that the loyal and generous people of the county might know and be in a position to treat them accordingly.

While some counties had a great deal of trouble with persons making seditious remarks, yet Switzerland county, owing to the intense loyalty of its citizens,



PRYOR SMITH



JOSEPH WISEMAN



PRYOR EDRINGTON



FORREST HUGHES



CHARLIE ROGERS



LEONARD MC CLELLAN



WARD KELLY



ALBERT L. LOWE

was practically free from such things. It is true the Council of Defense was called upon to investigate several cases of such character, yet owing to the minor degree of the charges no drastic action was required to stop such remarks. The investigations had a wholesome effect on those who might have been inclined to forget their duty as American citizens, and as the war continued it soon became clear to the members of the Council of Defense that their services would not be needed along such lines.

The Council of Defense made a remarkable record from the fact that they were able to handle all questions and propositions coming before it without calling on the State Council of Defense for instructions or aid. Its work at all times was strictly in accord with the State and National Councils, requiring a large amount of correspondence, work and attention of its members.

The work of the Women's Committees of the Council of Defense consisted chiefly of the following efforts:

(1.) **FOOD CONSERVATION.** The first drive for signers of the Hoover pledge cards to observe "Wheatless and Meatless" days was made through the Council of Defense, Mrs. Zella B. Bear, Chairman of the Women's Section, directing the work. In this campaign Prof. R. N. Tirey and Prof. Ernest Dan-glade rendered invaluable aid by putting the cards into the hands of the school children; the ministers over the county distributed them at their Sunday Schools and churches, and each chairman of the fourteen Red Cross Auxiliaries undertook to see any straggler in her community that the other had missed. In this way practically every housewife in the county had a chance to pledge herself to food conservation and almost every one of them did so. This was before the government undertook the rationing of the people and the matter was purely voluntary. No co-ordinated work in the interest of war gardens was undertaken, because it seemed unnecessary. The mere thought that the more food we had at home the more we could spare for our armies and our Allies was incentive enough to cause gardens to be planted in every available spot without urging.

(2.) **CHILD WELFARE.** The most arduous task undertaken in this department was the weighing, measuring and general survey of all the babies under three years old, in co-operation of the "Children's Year" movement. Mrs. A. V. Danner was chairman of the committee that had this work in charge and 862 youngsters were registered. Miss Julia Tandy had charge of the recreation department and community singing, and the distribution of educational propaganda was efficiently taken care of by Prof. Tirey and the teachers in the schools.

(3.) **LIBERTY LOANS.** Miss Grace Griffith had charge of the women's committee for the sale of bonds through all five of the Liberty Loan drives.

(4.) **REGISTRATION OF WOMEN.** In April, 1918, a request was received from headquarters to make a card index of all the women in the county, noting what work they were fitted for. Details of this work are told in the chapter entitled "Women's War Census."

(5.) **WAR NURSES.** In the effort to register women for nurses the Council of Defense merely undertook to co-operate with the Red Cross committee engaged in the same work, in order to avoid confusion and parallel effort.

Chapter XI

THE FUEL ADMINISTRATION

The fuel situation became very serious in Switzerland county and Attorney George B. Hall, of Vevay, was appointed Federal Fuel Administrator for the county. In the early winter of 1917-1918 the supply of coal at every yard in the county was exhausted.

Starting in the first week of December, 1917, the county experienced the longest cold spell ever known. The government thermometer kept by Miss Frederica Boerner, dropped down to 24 degrees below zero, and for weeks the temperature changed but little. On December 10, 1917, the Ohio river became gorged with ice and remained frozen over for sixty-three days. On the day before the river gorged a towboat was lying at the river front in Vevay unloading three barges of coal for Vevay dealers. Learning that heavy ice was coming from above the boat's crew hurriedly left for the Kentucky river harbor taking the coal with them. Arriving there the coal was confiscated by the Carroll county Fuel Administrator.

On the night of December 7, 1917, eighteen inches of snow fell in the county. A few days later another snow fell on top of this one, and on January 15, 1918, 24 inches more of snow fell. In all parts of the county people were without coal and the snow being two feet deep on a level made it almost impossible for farmers to fell trees to cut into stove wood.

People suffered from the cold. In many instances two families combined their fuel and lived under the same roof. At this time Fuel Administrator Hall granted a requisition to the city council of Vevay for the purchasing of a car of coal which was to be delivered at Madison. Forty-one tons were shipped to Madison and then came the problem of getting it to Vevay. Because the roads were covered with about two feet of snow it was impossible for teamsters to make the round trip from Vevay in one day, and thus the expense of getting the coal to Vevay amounted to 24 cents per bushel. City council conducted the sale of the coal, and on order of the Fuel Administrator let it out only in 10 bushel lots to persons actually in need. The city charged 48 cents per bushel for the coal, which was actual cost, and an additional charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel was made for delivery, making the actual cost to the consumer $50\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel. Persons who had the coal carried in after it had been dumped on the sidewalk, paid an additional $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel for the carrying, and thus their coal cost 53 cents per bushel.

During the fuel shortage, wood was sold in Vevay as high as \$6.50 per rank of eight feet long and four feet high. In a store during the severely cold weather a rank of wood lasted only from two to three days.

On Monday, January 21, 1918, Administrator Hall saw to the obeying of a government order closing all places of business except public utilities, offices of county officials and stores handling foodstuffs, on Mondays. This was deemed necessary because of the shortage of coal. The order was to the effect that all places of business except those noted above should be closed each Monday for ten weeks. The penalty for a violation of the order was a fine of \$5,000 or one year's imprisonment. In Switzerland county most of the people willingly obeyed the order and Mr. Hall had but little difficulty in carrying out his instructions.

There being no relief in sight and the cost of wood being almost prohibitive, Administrator Hall advised Vevay merchants to close their stores earlier each day. Accordingly, on Tuesday, January 22, they entered into an agreement to close their stores each week day at 5 p. m. On Saturday the hour for closing was 6 p. m.

In a further effort to cause people to conserve fuel Administrator Hall got school children to tag the coal shovels in various communities. On January 30, the children called at stores and private residences and tied on tags which contained appeals to persons using the coal shovels to do so sparingly and thus aid Uncle Sam in winning the war. On one side of each tag were the words, "Save a shovelful of coal a day for Uncle Sam."

On Monday, February 4, 1918, city council ordered the Vevay electric light plant closed each night at 10 o'clock and the lights not to be turned on again of mornings. The order went into effect on the following day.

On February 18, after the ice in the Ohio had run out, the fuel situation became more acute than ever and Fuel Administrator Hall ordered two barges of coal sent from Cincinnati. The coal did not arrive according to plans and Mr. Hall then took the matter up with the State Fuel Administrator. He secured an order on a Cincinnati dealer for eleven barges to be sent to Patriot, Florence, Markland and Vevay. The coal did not arrive, however, until late in the summer of 1918.

During the summer there was a shortage of gasoline for use of the American army in France, and a government request was made in August calling upon all automobile owners to not drive their cars on Sundays. The request was not a drastic one, but each automobile owner's patriotism was appealed to. He was told that gasoline was badly needed to carry ammunition and food to the American soldiers on the firing line, and Fuel Administrator Hall was informed that it was absolutely necessary for the citizens of the United States to save 8,000,000 gallons of gasoline. The government's request provided that cars could be used to go to church, if there was no other means of a family getting to church, but it did not provide that a man could drive to the home of a relative or friend on pleasure.

For the first two weeks after the request was made a number of Switzerland county people paid no attention to it whatever. In all the small towns, however, groups of boys and girls gathered on Sundays and whenever a car passed they called "Slacker," in an effort to shame the driver. When a certain few persistently

refused to pay any attention to the government's request other persons who were more patriotic threw mud, sticks and stones at the cars. This practically put a stop to the using of automobiles on Sunday for pleasure only.

There was one instance where a certain young man had been calling on a young woman. He continued calling each Sunday night in his car, long after the government request was made. Another person whom it is unnecessary to name called on Fuel Administrator Hall and asked what the penalty would be if he painted that young man's car yellow on the following Sunday night. Mr. Hall replied, "Well, I'll just chip in with you and you go buy the paint and the brush, and Sunday night when he comes we'll go up and paint the car together." The paint was purchased, but the young man by that time had seen the light, for when the next Sunday came he left his car at home.

Chapter XII

THE FIVE LIBERTY LOAN DRIVES

First Drive.....	\$131,400
Second Drive.....	148,350
Third Drive.....	228,350
Fourth Drive.....	220,150
Fifth Drive.....	229,050
<hr/>	
Total Subscription.....	\$957,300

Immediately after war was declared the Treasury Department at Washington worked out a plan to finance the war by selling bonds to citizens. The bonds were called "Liberty Loan Bonds" and were sold in denominations of from \$50 up. The first loan went on sale six weeks after war was declared, Switzerland county's quota being \$193,806. E. T. Coleman, of Vevay, was made chairman of the Loan Drive in Switzerland county, but did not receive notice of his appointment until after the drive had started, so that it was impossible for him to appoint an organization of workers to assist in selling the bonds. However, each of the county's five banks subscribed liberally and employees of the banks did all in their power to persuade depositors to invest in the bonds. At the conclusion of the drive Switzerland county citizens had subscribed for \$131,400 worth of Liberty Bonds. Reading the figures now one would think that the county did not do her duty. However, when one realizes that the drive was started before it was possible to effect a county organization the amount was more than pleasing and far exceeded the total amount sold in many counties much larger than Switzerland.

The second issue of bonds was known as "The Second Liberty Loan of 1917." This issue was for \$3,000,000,000 and was floated in the fall of 1917. The bonds paid 4 per cent interest and Switzerland county's quota was \$114,000. E. T. Coleman was again made chairman of the drive and this time he was notified in time to appoint assistants in all parts of the county. Mr. Coleman held Liberty Loan meetings at churches and school houses throughout the county and these meetings were addressed by ministers and lawyers. In Vevay boy scouts were enlisted in the drive and made a house to house canvass selling bonds. Their work brought splendid results and several of the boys were given government medals for their efforts in making the drive a success. Following are the names of the boy scouts and the amount of bonds each sold:

David Cotton	25 Bonds	\$2,600
James Hall	17 Bonds	950
Nelson Haskell	16 Bonds	950

Carroll Kincaid	16 Bonds	\$1,100
Wilbur Baird	14 Bonds	750
August Mead	13 Bonds	850
Russel Riley	12 Bonds	700
Ernest Mead	5 Bonds	350
Loomis Sullivan	1 Bond	100

The county purchased \$148,350 worth of bonds going \$34,350 over the top. There were 326 subscribers.

In March, 1918, all plans were made for the Third Liberty Loan, Secretary McAdoo choosing the 6th of April, the first anniversary of the declaration of a state of war, to open the campaign. Frank Riley, of Vevay, was named county chairman of the drive. The county's quota was fixed at \$100,050, and plans were immediately made to double the quota.

It was pointed out that one \$50 bond would buy trench knives for a rifle company, or 23 hand grenades, or 14 rifle grenades, or 37 cases of surgical instruments for enlisted men's belts. A slogan was started in the county, "Let's take a few extra shots at the Kaiser by doubling our quota." On April 6th, the day the Loan Drive started, a big patriotic meeting was held in Vevay. In the afternoon a parade was held, the line of march being along Market and Main streets and ending at the High School Auditorium. Mothers of boys in the service led the procession. They were followed by veterans of the Civil War, Boy Scouts, Sunday Schools, Sammy Pen Club, Camp Fire Girls and the Boys' Working Reserve. At the Auditorium, Attorney Curtis Marshal, of Madison, delivered an address that enthused his hearers.

In ten days after the drive started Switzerland county had subscribed for three-fourths of her quota. Two weeks after the opening of the drive the county had gone over the top with a total subscription of \$120,900. At the end of the third week of the drive the county had exceeded her quota by \$77,950, the bonds being purchased by 468 different persons. When the drive came to an end on Saturday night, May 4th, the quota had been more than doubled, total sales amounting to \$228,350. This amount was taken by 610 subscribers. The Boy Scouts again did splendid work in selling bonds, their efforts resulting as follows:

David Cotton	16 Bonds	\$1,200
Luther Ford	16 Bonds	1,250
Carroll Kincaid	15 Bonds	1,150
Wilbur Baird	13 Bonds	850
James Hall	11 Bonds	2,500
Ernest Mead	11 Bonds	1,200
Russel Riley	10 Bonds	3,800
Nelson Haskell	10 Bonds	800
Charles Lamson	10 Bonds	650
Claude Dunwoodie	6 Bonds	300
Edward Pangburn	1 Bond	50

The Fourth Liberty Loan, known as "The Fighting Loan," was started on September 28, 1918, and the county's quota was placed at \$202,000. Frank Riley was again made chairman of the drive. The same corps of assistants that put the Third Loan so far over the top was appointed, but in spite of their untiring efforts on October 10th, when but eight days remained, the county was \$130,000 behind, less than \$70,000 worth of bonds having been sold. When this fact became known a special appeal was made to all Switzerland county men who had been granted deferred classification in the draft. It was pointed out to them that the government had seen fit to permit them to remain at home and follow their usual vocations. It was shown that each of these men was making a splendid salary when, if he had been drafted into service, he would have been receiving a wage of only \$30 per month. They were also cited to the fact that all soldiers were even buying bonds out of their \$30 salary. Each man in the county who had been given deferred classification, was urged to buy to the limit of his ability, and the appeal brought splendid results. During the last week of the drive, in an effort to spur on citizens to buy to their limit, meetings were held at a few places in the county, speeches being made by Rev. W. E. Brown, Wallace J. Cotton, Judge F. M. Griffith, Rev. W. T. Dart, and Rev. Minx. Because of an epidemic of influenza, it was not possible to have much of a "speaking campaign," and renewed personal efforts were made by individual workers.

The final day of the Loan Drive found Switzerland county over the top with a total subscription of \$220,150, which had been taken by 984 subscribers.

With the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, notice was issued by the Treasury Department that one more loan would be necessary before all United States soldiers could be returned to their homes. This loan was called "The Victory Loan," and Switzerland county's quota was fixed at \$132,950. Harry Stow, of East Enterprise, was made county chairman. This loan paid $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest.

In less than two hours after the drive started the Switzerland county banks had subscribed for the county's quota. Workers, however, knowing that this would be the last issue of Liberty Bonds, were not content with merely reaching their quota, and they worked harder than ever before to sell bonds. On May 10th, when the drive ended, Switzerland county's quota had been almost doubled. The total subscription amounted to \$229,050, there being 330 subscribers.

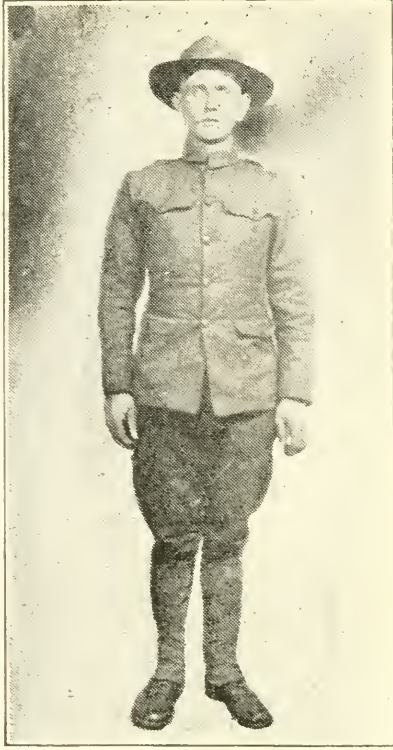
In order to float the five loans in Switzerland county a great amount of publicity was necessary. The three Vevay newspapers, The Vevay Reveille, The Switzerland Democrat and The Vevay Enterprise, donated their space for the first two loans. All advertising and reading matter pertaining to the loans was handled free of charge. When the third loan was planned government officials agreed that the newspapers all over the United States had given their share and more in floating the loans, and appeals were then made to business men to pay for the advertising on all future loans. Charles E. Pangburn, of Vevay, was appointed by the government to handle the publicity end of the

remaining loans and he was instructed to solicit all business men in his county for funds to pay for advertising in the local papers. Very few persons objected to the plan, and the following Switzerland county business and professional men subscribed to the advertising fund:

G. E. Menne	O'Neal & McKay
Vevay Reveille	Switzerland Democrat
The Vevay Enterprise	E. T. Riggs
Patriot Deposit Bank	Florence Deposit Bank
Vevay Deposit Bank	Bank of East Enterprise
First National Bank	George Gaudin
E. P. Downey	J. P. Ward
J. D. Froman	J. P. Curry
C. E. Pangburn	Thomas Pickett
W. J. Cotton	A. B. Shaw
Charles Jaynes	Bliss & Geiske
A. V. Danner	Ben M. Bledsod
Mrs. J. Wahl	E. M. Stevens
W. G. Klein	A. J. Williams
Charles Sieglitz	Charles B. Lamson
Mrs. E. P. Danglade	L. W. Golay
R. M. Copeland	L. H. Bear
O. S. Johnson	Vevay Flour Mills
Culbertson Brothers	R. L. Slate
Walter E. Gaudin	Julian F. Lamson
John Orr	Business Men of Moorefield
Emerson Brothers	O. W. Olcott
Wm. Gockel & Son	Dr. Benj. Searcy
L. Scudder & Co.	J. E. Brown & Son
Charles Bodey	S. V. McHuron
Mrs. F. E. Hammel	Graham's Confectionery
F. C. Teats	Wm. H. Pleasants
B. S. Curry	Butler Hotel
Detraz Brothers	R. M. Campbell
J. T. Pritchard	C. W. Dodd
F. L. Haskell	O. Brindley
J. W. Marsh	Martin & Stevenson
Harry Sullivan	T. R. Humphrey
Riley Land	Webster & Marsh
Adams Music Store	Hotel Brindley
H. M. Thiebaud	Bern Jones



J. KIRBY DANGLADE



BEECHER WEAVER



STANLEY COUCH



RAYMOND ROSE

Chapter XIII

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE LIBERTY LOANS

When war comes to a nation the first essential for the prosecution of that war is money.

To borrow billions of dollars is an undertaking so important that the government must fail in it unless it has the whole-hearted support of every one of its loyal citizens, women as well as men. It was in recognition of this fact that the Secretary of the Treasury, W. G. McAdoo, created a National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee to help float the Liberty Bonds to be put out during the war.

The organization of this committee was completed May 7, 1917, and a chairman was appointed in each state and territory, who in turn appointed a chairman in each county.

Miss Grace H. Griffith, of Vevay, was appointed chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee for Switzerland county and served throughout all five drives. In the first and second Loan campaigns there were no distinctive women's blanks used, so it is impossible to arrive at any correct estimate of the results of the work done by women. While they made many sales, the statistics are not available. To their energy, their enthusiasm, their zeal and their vision was due a great part of the success of the Liberty Loans.

The third Liberty Loan began April 6th and extended to May 6, 1918. At this time a most complete organization had been perfected, which continued intact throughout the Third, Fourth and Fifth drives. The members of this committee serving as volunteers, performed the task of selling Liberty Bonds amounting to more than \$250,000.

It was the county chairman's duty to appoint chairmen in all the townships, whose duty it was to see that every person in their township was reached by an appeal to buy bonds.

Miss Griffith appointed Miss Sara W. Hall as Vice-Chairman and they worked together directing the activities of the Liberty Loan saleswomen through the last three drives, making a house to house canvass in Vevay to sell bonds, distributing posters and other publicity material, sending appropriate selections to the public schools and supplies to the various township chairmen for them to circulate throughout their localities; receiving daily reports of the work of the township chairmen, tabulating the results and, in turn, sending daily and weekly reports to the state and district chairman.

Uncle Sam's Treasury Department had generously extended the franking privilege to the Liberty Loan Committee so that they were enabled to mail reports and all necessary supplies such as stationery, application blanks, pam-

phlets, buttons, etc., to the different workers without any expense. On the first and second Loan Drives, however, this privilege had not been granted and Miss Griffith stood the entire expense without asking for assistance.

The following township chairmen were appointed and they were given the privilege of inviting as many helpers as they wished to assist them. The figures following their names represent the amounts they and their helpers sold during the last three drives.

	Third Drive	Fourth Drive	Fifth Drive
Jefferson Township—Mrs. W. J. Bakes.....	\$ 7,900	\$ 9,750	\$18,400
York Township—Mrs. S. L. Benedict.....	10,000	5,550	7,050
Mrs. Frances Krutz.....	850		
Posey Township—Miss Jane North.....	8,150	7,450	2,800
Mrs. S. J. Dibble.....	2,150		
Pleasant Township—Mrs. J. B. Rochat.....	5,650	2,300	900
Miss Nell Culbertson.....	1,950	3,150	4,000
Cotton Township—Mrs. Charles Seymour.....	4,300	1,100
Miss Hazel Pangburn.....	12,450	7,500	15,250
Craig Township—Miss Leila Banta.....	6,350	5,300
Mrs. E. W. Shaw.....	10,200	6,250	17,700
Vevay—Misses Griffith and Hall.....	15,200	9,300	33,300
Total Sales.....	\$85,150	\$56,550	\$100,500

In the third campaign the women were asked to sell one-fourth of the county's quota, or \$25,013. but they actually sold \$85,150, which was over 340 per cent. These bonds were sold to 405 subscribers. Switzerland county ranked third in the per cent of sales in the list of twenty-four counties of southern Indiana belonging to the Eighth Federal Reserve District, and fourth in the ninety-two counties of the state. The record made by the women of Switzerland county was certainly a splendid one.

The Fourth Liberty Loan Drive opened on September 28, 1918, and continued for three weeks. The three preceding drives had lasted four weeks. The twenty-five active women workers sold bonds amounting to \$56,550 to 255 people. They sold more than one-fourth of the county's quota and unstinted praise should be given them for their untiring efforts.

With each succeeding loan the work of the women expanded more and more and covered a broader field.

On April 14, 1919, Miss Griffith and Miss Hall were called to Evansville to attend an all-day conference of Liberty Loan men and women workers. The purpose of this conference was to exchange ideas and experiences resulting from the previous loan campaigns, and to discuss plans and methods for floating the Fifth Loan, which Carter Glass, the new Secretary of the Treasury, had designated the Victory Loan.

It was deemed advisable to enlarge the committee in order to get in touch with every man and woman in the county. Besides those already mentioned the following women assisted in the Fifth Drive:

Mrs. R. M. Copeland	Mrs. Charles Lamson
Mrs. O. P. Courtney	Mrs. William Burton
Miss Eva Graham	Miss Helen Protsman
Miss Pauline Sigmon	Mrs. Christy Scudder
Mrs. Frank Malcomson	Miss Emma Grimes
Miss Harriett Miller	Miss Lizzie McHuron
Miss Gladys Bennett	Mrs. Grace Bonnell
Mrs. Clara Schroeder	Miss Dorothy Cotton
Miss Lulu Stewart	Miss Louella Vandever
Mrs. Mary Humphrey	Miss Gertrude Banta
Miss Carrie Ashby	Miss Edna Benedict
Miss Flora Bodey	Miss Sheets
Mrs. Abbie North	Miss Lulu Scott
Mrs. Juanita Emerson	Miss Abbie Lientz

The women were asked to sell one-half of the Fifth Loan but they sold nearly four-fifths of it, their total sales amounting to \$100,500, this amount being taken by 232 people. This was a wonderful showing, for the women of Switzerland county ranked second in the sale of bonds among the counties of the Eighth Federal Reserve District. It required a higher type of patriotism to serve after hostilities had ceased.

Each active worker in the Victory Loan received a certificate which entitled her to a medal made from a captured German cannon.

The newspapers of the county gave splendid service in the campaigns for the sale of Liberty Bonds, and the co-operation of the bank officials made it possible to keep an accurate account of the amounts credited to the women workers. The women of the county spared neither time nor labor in their efforts and responded promptly and with enthusiasm to the call of the government.

Chapter XIV

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

As a means of financing the war the Treasury Department in the fall of 1917 placed on sale in postoffices throughout the United States Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. The Thrift Stamps were sold for 25 cents each, every purchaser being given a small book that would hold sixteen of them. When the book was filled then the purchaser was urged to take it to the postoffice where, for the additional payment of 12 to 23 cents, according to the month in which purchased, he was given in exchange a War Savings Stamp worth \$5 at maturity on January 1, 1923. The War Savings Stamps increased in value each month, earning four per cent interest compounded quarterly. The government arranged the War Stamp proposition so that if the purchaser needed his money at any time before maturity he could take his stamps to the postoffice and cash them in for the amount of his original investment, plus three per cent interest.

During 1917 Switzerland county was not asked to take any certain amount of War Savings Stamps, but with the coming of 1918 the county's quota for the year was placed at \$198,275, meaning that the equivalent to \$20 worth must be sold to every man, woman and child in the county. This was a huge undertaking as the buyers were limited to \$1,000, and therefore a large proportion had to be sold to persons of small means, including children.

A War Savings Stamp Committee was appointed in the county as follows: James S. Wright, Chairman, Miss Julia Tandy, Women's Chairman; Ernest F. Griffith, R. N. Tirey, Ernest Dangle and Frank Riley.

The stamps were placed on sale at each postoffice and bank in the county, and the rural route carriers out of Vevay, Benington, Florence and Patriot, carried the stamps with them while making deliveries of mail, and personally urged their patrons to buy. When the selling of the stamps was well under way in 1918 sales amounting to nearly \$10,000 were recorded during the month of February. In the first six weeks of the year there were 120 registered accounts, merchants, professional men and farmers buying liberally in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$1,000.

On April 1st the county was behind in its quota. The report at that time showed sales amounting to \$29,845, which was \$3 per capita. At the same ratio throughout the remainder of the year the county would have been \$78,900 behind her quota.

Through the personal efforts of postmaster Ernest F. Griffith and rural carriers Joe Danner, C. P. Buschmann, Leland Courtney and Leslie Littlefield,

Vevay went over the top on May 20th. The year's quota for Vevay was \$25,000, but on the above date the total number of sales made in Vevay amounted to \$27,730.50. Vevay was the first county seat in Indiana to exceed its quota and it was likewise the first town in Indiana of more than 1,000 population to exceed its quota.

While Vevay's quota had been exceeded other portions of the county were far behind, and at a meeting held in May it was decided to hold a drive throughout the county for the sale of War Stamps. The following committee to push the drive was named:

Craig—Mrs. Kate Holder; Dr. James Sharp.

Pleasant—Miss Jessie Lock; George Leep.

Cotton—Hazel Pangburn; L. M. Clark.

Posey—Miss Wrelah Goff; Fred Gockel.

York—Mrs. Lillie Told; E. E. Scudder.

Jefferson—Glendora Scudder; F. A. Griffith.

The quota for the county during the drive was \$25,750, which meant \$2.50 for every man, woman and child. Just before the drive started a large War Savings Stamp flag was sent to the Vevay postoffice by the State Committee, with instructions that if the county's quota was reached then the flag was to be retained at the Vevay postoffice. Should the county fall behind its quota, however, the instructions were to roll the flag up in black cloth and mail it back to Indianapolis.

By the time the drive was over the total amount of stamps sold in the county during the year was a little more than \$60,000, the week's quota had been exceeded and the honor flag was retained. Precinct No. 1 in York Township went over the top with a big margin. The allotment for the precinct was \$3,187, and \$4,975 worth of stamps were sold. A house to house canvass was made and nearly every person in the precinct purchased stamps. The success of the drive in this precinct was due solely to the untiring efforts of the women's chairman, Mrs. Lille Told, and her solicitors, Christine Snider, Beulah Bevis, Thelma Moore, Clara Land, Dorothy Scott, Gladys Scott, Eva Scudder, Mariam James and Loomis Wilson.

In Posey Township Fred Gockel and Miss Wrelah Goff, assisted by a fine corps of workers, piled up a total sales of nearly \$6,000.

On June 10, 1918, County Chairman James S. Wright was notified that War Savings Stamps meetings must be held in every town in Switzerland county on Friday night, June 18th. The government communication pertaining to these meetings read, "All those invited by you or your representatives who do not attend the meeting, or if in attendance, fail to buy stamps or sign the pledge to buy, and do not give a satisfactory reason for their failure to do so, which must be noted on a pledge card, must immediately be reported by information to the Federal Government."

On the night of June 28th War Stamps meetings were held at the following places in Switzerland county: Fairview, East Enterprise, Patriot, Quercus Grove,

Bennington, Pleasant, Vevay, Mt. Sterling, Center Square, Lamb, Braytown, Long Run Church, Markland and Florence. At each meeting there was noted a large attendance of citizens. Pledge cards were presented to every man and woman in the county during the week following the meetings, and each person was requested to sign on the card the amount of stamps he would agree to purchase by December 31, 1918. Each person was urged to save to the utmost of his ability and to buy stamps with the amount saved.

Every home in the county was visited by workers during the drive and more than \$90,000 worth of pledges were secured. This added to \$70,000 worth which had been sold prior to the drive made the total amount of sales and pledges up to July 4th a little more than \$160,000.

During the remainder of the summer of 1918 very few sales of stamps were made except to persons redeeming their pledges, and on October 31st the total sales in the county amounted to \$162,917.

As the end of the year neared it became apparent that Switzerland county would not take her quota of War Stamps. The people of means had all purchased to the limit allowed by the government and all other citizens had purchased every dollar's worth they could afford.

One more effort was made during Thanksgiving week, however, but this drive resulted in only a few sales. When the year was up the total sales in the county amounted to \$175,000, which was \$23,275 behind the quota.

Looking at the matter from another view point, the total sales amounted to \$18.02 per capita, and this was much higher than Indiana's county average. There is no doubt but that the quota would have been reached had not citizens of moderate means subscribed so liberally to each of the Liberty Loans, hundreds of people making weekly payments on the Loans, so that they had no money left with which to buy stamps.

One gratifying feature is that of the \$175,000 worth of stamps purchased up to the time this was written on July 1, 1919, only about \$7,000 worth of the stamps had been cashed in. This showed that the people of Switzerland county realized the purpose for which the stamps were issued and that the government still had the use of their small loans.

Chapter XV

THE WOMEN'S WAR CENSUS

After the United States had been in the war for a year, throughout the country women began filling the places of men who had entered military service. The government anticipated that thousands of women would be needed to fill various places in another year, so an order was given to take a Women's War Census in every county April 19 to 29, 1918. The objects of the census were as follows:

1. To furnish accurate information to the government of the capacities in which women were then serving, whether in their own home or in paid pursuits, trades or professions.

2. To interpret to the government the possibilities of the woman power of the country.

3. To give every woman an opportunity to offer to her country such service as she was best fitted to render.

4. To have in every community lists of women, carefully classified, who were willing to be called upon for trained or untrained service to the state or nation.

5. To ascertain which women were available for service outside the home and which were not.

6. To list the women who wished to take training in order to give more efficient service.

7. To be able to furnish women for salaried positions, whether in government service or not.

A part of the instructions in the order for women to register will now probably bring a smile. The government communication said: "Women will not be forced to give their exact age but are advised to do so, as certain government positions are open only to women between certain ages."

The government also made it plain that women who registered would not be drafted for service, and would not be compelled to leave their homes unless they so desired.

To handle the registration properly a large force of workers was necessary. Miss Anna Sutherland was made county chairman and the following women were appointed to act as registrars:

Jefferson—Chairman, Mrs. Mable Woollen. Assistants, Mrs. Lincoln Means, Mrs. K. L. Hastings, Mrs. Ernest Griffith, Mrs. Jesse Curry, Mrs. Kate Johnson, Mrs. Henry Cotton, Mrs. George Graham, Mrs. Fred L. Haskell, Mrs. Frank

Riley, Mrs. Walter Trafelet, Miss Gertrude Wahl, Mrs. Ed Krall, Mrs. Mable Given, Miss Fannie Davis.

Craig—Chairman, Mrs. Hattie Malcomson. Assistants, Mrs. Roy McKay, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Connie Woodfill, Mrs. Allen Myers, Miss Mabel Brindley, Miss Bertha Cooper, Mrs. John Banta, Miss Leo Haskell, Miss Leila Joyce, Miss Carrie Griffith, Miss Dorothy Cotton, Mrs. Kate Holder.

York—Chairman, Mrs. Irvin Armstrong. Assistants, Mrs. Johnnie Scudder, Miss Hattie Land, Miss Mary Parker, Mrs. Marietta Clore, Miss Carrie Culbertson, Miss Gladys Wilson.

Posey—Chairman, Miss Fanny White. Assistants, Mrs. Verona Gockel, Miss Nina Dibble, Mrs. Cora Richards, Mrs. Kae Long, Miss Mary Schwade, Miss Edith Buck, Mrs. Minnie Searcy, Miss Cora Uhlmanseik, Mrs. Hessie Gullion Parker, Miss Florence Cunningham, Mrs. Will Lostutter, Mrs. Sydney March, Mrs. Daisy Nave, Mrs. Sadie Bodey, Miss Sybil Vawter.

Cotton—Chairman, Miss Emma Gary. Assistants, Mrs. Elmer Ford, Mrs. Bernie Bovard, Mrs. Mort Tinker, Mrs. Warren Pickett.

Pleasant—Chairman, Mrs. William Hulley. Assistants, Miss Leona Slawson, Miss Florence Lock, Mrs. James Seavers, Miss Clara Osborne, Miss Anna Hess, Mrs. Vera Stout, Mrs. Maggie Wier, Miss Kathleen Griswold, Miss Golda Jackson, Miss Gladys Jackson, Mrs. Will Shadday, Miss Nell Culbertson, Miss May Danner, Miss Agnes Boyle, Miss Aldeen Mier.

The women of the county responded in fine spirit to the registration for war work. A few who possibly were under the impression that if they registered they would be drafted and sent to France, refused to register. There was no penalty attached to one's not registering, but all loyal women were asked to do so even though they offered no service. A majority of the women in the county were eager to go on record for the government and in nearly every instance, the registrars reported, there were expressions of regret that more service could not be offered.

The work of registering the women of the county was probably a greater task than the work of registering men of conscription age for military service. The women registrars worked faithfully for a week and then ran out of registrations cards before their work had been finished. Additional cards were sent from Washington and when they arrived the registration was then completed.

A total of 2,549 women registered, the total by townships being as follows: Jefferson, 592; Pleasant, 466; Posey, 450; York, 443; Cotton, 314; Craig, 284.

There were 1,853 housekeepers who registered, that class far outnumbering any other. The next largest number were "Mother's Helpers," 210. There were 140 teachers who registered. That number included those in active service and those no longer teaching.



IRVIN SIEBERT



JOHN F. BROCKSCHLAGER



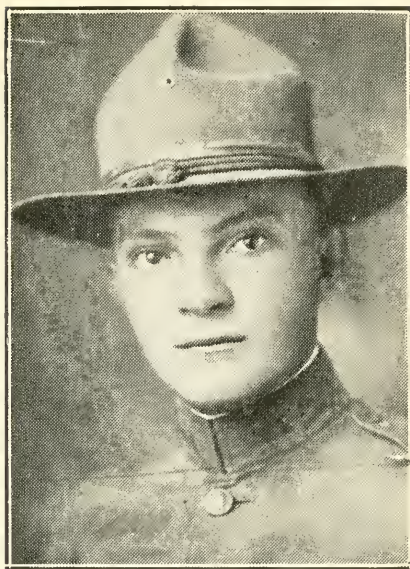
OSCAR LEE



GARY WELCH



EUGENE GRIMES



HAROLD CURRY



CHANCY WHITHAM



PORTER WEBSTER

Other interesting facts pertaining to the registration of women are as follows:

Housekeepers doing Red Cross and allied work, or offering service in that class of work, 1,078.

Housekeepers not offering service of any kind, 775.

Housekeepers offering other service, 50.

Trained persons, 428.

Trained persons doing or offering Red Cross work, 313.

Persons trained in more than one occupation, 27.

Persons wanting training, 188.

Persons offering service other than Red Cross work, 257.

Persons trained in surgical dressing work, 10.

Persons trained in first aid work, 1.

Persons doing general Red Cross work, 626.

Persons working on garments, 82.

Persons working on surgical dressings, 43.

Persons knitting for the Red Cross, 143.

Persons sewing for the Red Cross, 72.

Persons willing to do Red Cross emergency work, 29.

Chapter XVI

THE SAMMY PEN CLUB

One warm afternoon in September, 1917, a group of four girls came from the Court House in Vevay, where they had been attending a patriotic meeting, the object of which was to stir Switzerland county folk to the realization of the many activities, needs, and responsibilities occasioned by the world's conflict that was being waged across the waters. Every person there was made to feel that his aid was urgently needed and each came away with the resolve: "I must do something."

Kind reader, you are now invited to become a listening member of the group of four girls as they passed up Main Street.

"Girls, didn't this afternoon's talk just make you want to do something right away, too—something that would help?" came from one of the girls.

"Yes, but what shall we do?" questioned another. "It seems that already so many things have been done that any effort on our part would amount to just an unnecessary duplication." "I'll tell you what we might do, that would perhaps help the boys who are doing so much for all of us, and that is send them a lot of letters from home," suggested one of the group. "A brilliant idea" chorused all of the girls. The idea grew and enlarged until it developed into the organization of the Sammy Pen Club, the aim of which was to keep the "Boys in Khaki" well supplied with news and a little "heart comfort and soul seasoning" from back home.

At a meeting held at the home of Miss Marie Tilley the following officers were chosen:

President—Gertrude Wahl
Secretary—Helen Protsman
Treasurer—Isabelle Tardy

The charter members were:

Merriam Protsman	Dorothy Campbell
Elizabeth Brockschlager	Rebecca Cole
Loretta Dittgen	Hallie Butler
Clara Weales	Maurine Merritt
Virginia Merritt	Mary Bear
Garnet Shirley	Julia Tandy
Geraldine Krom	Marie Tilley
Elizabeth Campbell	Irene Dufour
Mabel Babcock	Bessie Peters
Mary Miller	Irene Babcock
Edmonia Coleman	Janette Copeland
Margaret Shaw	Carolina Thuneman

The first consideration of the organization was the question of financial backing to launch the club upon its undertaking. Ideas were immediately "drafted" and those that qualified saw strenuous service on Saturday, November 10th, when a very successful market was "arrayed" in the room formerly occupied by the Knox Shoe Store. Donations of edibles had been contributed liberally, and sold remarkably fast. In addition to the market a Tag Drive was made, "mowing down and taking prisoners" all of a man's loose change, for all of the 27 girls exercised their birth right—woman's ability to talk—and permitted no person to leave Vevay without flying his colors—a black S. P. C. on a field of white—which was an indication that he had "done his bit."

When evening came it brought with it a squad of tired, but happy girls, and when the day's proceeds were counted the sum totaled \$106 which successful financial beginning fired the girls to greater enthusiasm.

Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Sieglitz the S. P. C. was enabled to have a club room on the third floor of the Sieglitz building. This was fitted up with "a-la-donation" furniture, rugs, pillows, pennants and pictures. Scrim curtains, stenciled with the letters S. P. C., were made and hung at the windows, which added greatly to the appearance of the room.

The official insignia adopted by the girls were steel pen points soldered to a pin fastening, making very original and inexpensive badges.

On Friday evenings were held the meetings during which each girl drew numbers from a box and then consulted the directory for the corresponding names and addresses. Thus each girl wrote to four or five boys each week, and their replies were read at the following meeting. The shuffling system made it possible for each boy on the mailing list to receive a variety of mail from members of the club.

In November the girls in groups of four met at different homes to make candy for the boys who were then in France. Pneumatic camp pillows were also sent by the club to the Sammies who were to spend their Christmas on foreign soil. To the soldiers in the training camps in the States were sent hand-made stationery kits, provided with writing material.

For New Year's, a letter containing a greeting from each club member was sent to every correspondent. All during the war letters were a vital force in keeping up the spirits of our boys, as is verified by the words of Private Peat, the remarkable young Canadian, who said: "If I could talk to the mother of every soldier at the front I would tell her one thing above all. I would try to make her realize what it means to a fellow to get a letter from home. It's more to a Sammy, or a Tommy, or a poilu than food and drink—more than medals. It's the greatest thing in his life, I tell you!"

"One night when we fellows in the Canadian expedition were waiting for our turn to 'go on,' we started to play a game of poker. I'll never forget it. The enemy's guns had found us and shells were simply tearing us to pieces. As we played the explosions got nearer and nearer. But we didn't stop. A shell burst

25 yards from us, and the only effect was to make the game faster. Another shell exploded right over our heads. That hun had a wonderful eye. A splinter tore through the deck of cards and scattered the chips in all directions. But we didn't stop. And then came the call down the line: 'Mail man, mail man—letters from home! Letters from home!' Cards, money, German shrapnel—everything was as though it had never existed. We simply jumped for that mail man's neck."

From the expressions of praise repeatedly sent by our own Switzerland county boys the girls of the S. P. C. were made to feel that "our bit" had been thoroughly appreciated and had served its purpose—to make the boys just a little happier.

Following the organization of the club in Vevay the idea spread to other towns and cities. The Daytona (Florida) Journal carried a two column article calling upon the girls of that city to organize a Sammy Pen Club similar to the one at Vevay. It commented at length on the Vevay club and referred to it as one of the great patriotic movements started by women since the beginning of the war. The Cincinnati Post also carried a two column editorial about the Sammy Pen Club and recommended the establishing of similar clubs throughout the United States.

In the months that followed many Sammy Pen Clubs were organized in towns and villages in the United States and thousands of letters were thus sent to soldiers on the strength of the idea that originated with four Vevay girls.

Chapter XVII

THE BOYS' WORKING RESERVE

As the war progressed through the year of 1917 the steady enlargement of the army practically depleted the laboring forces on the farms. Nearly every young unmarried farmer had entered the army or would do so in a short time. The food question became a graver one than before. Very few farmers had enough help left on their farms to grow an ordinary crop and still the government was calling for larger crops than had ever been grown before. A happy solution was thought out in the United States Boys' Working Reserve.

Directors were named in every county in the United States and the patriotism of boys from sixteen to twenty-one years was appealed to. All boys of that age were urged to go to the farms and work so that more foodstuffs might be raised for our army and our Allies.

Rev. W. E. Brown, of the Vevay M. E. church, was the director of the work in Switzerland county. The Working Reserve was organized in 1917, and in a very short time 75 boys had volunteered to do their bit on the farms. Each boy was supposed to get work that would help in winning the war, and through the help of these lads, nearly every one of whom would have enlisted in the army had he been of the proper age, many tons of food were grown to help feed the Allies.

All members who worked on farms more than thirty days received a bronze badge from the government. All who worked ninety days or more received a bronze bar in addition to the badge. A majority of the boys who enrolled in the Working Reserve spent the months between school terms growing foodstuffs in an effort to help win the war.

Had it not been for the Boys' Working Reserve the United States and her Allies would have suffered much more than they did because of a shortage of food. In every county in every state boys of tender years answered their country's call for volunteers and went to the farms where their efforts resulted in a greatly increased production of foodstuffs.

The boy who was a member of the Working Reserve has a right to be just as proud of his part in winning the war as his elder brother who was on the firing line.

Twenty-six Switzerland county boys won the Federal badges for service on farms as members of the Working Reserve. Namely, they are as follows:

W. Farrell, Ernest Eric Schroeder, Charles H. Johnson, Orville Jackson, Gerald Scudder, Russell Lee, Charles Ross Kern, Lyman Harold Scudder, Charles

Edward Stephenson, Arnold Anderson, Ward Waltz, Fred M. Scott, Walter Bennett, Maurice Austin Briggs, Andrew Heath, James D. Seaver, Dewey Coleman, Wilbur Brooke, Robert Gray Blodget, Herschel Barnhart Scott, Forrest Edward Brown, David Cotton, Rollin Curry, Stafford Markland, Wilfred Bennett and John Howard Bales.

Chapter XVIII

SOLDIER POETRY

Two splendid poems were written by Switzerland county boys during the war, and as they were copied by newspapers all over the United States we deem them worthy of reproduction in this history of Switzerland county's part in the World War. They are as follows:

MY FIRST NIGHT AT CAMP TAYLOR

By Scott Thompson

I'm here with two thin blankets
As thin as a slice of ham;
A German spy was surely the guy
That made 'em for Uncle Sam.

How did I sleep? Don't kid me,
My bedtick is filled with straw.
All lumps and humps and big fat bumps
That punched me till I'm raw.

Me and my two thin blankets,
As thin as the last slick dime;
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress;
Well, I had one h—l of a time.

I pulled 'em up from the bottom,
My nighties were B. V. D.'s,
Gave a couple of yanks to cover my shanks,
And then my feet would freeze.

You could use them for porus plasters,
Or, maybe, to strain the soup.
My pillows are shoes; when I try to snooze,
I've chillblains, coughs and croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up to my chin;
Yes, a German spy was surely the guy,
And, Gosh! but he made 'em thin.

CAMP TAYLOR HEROES

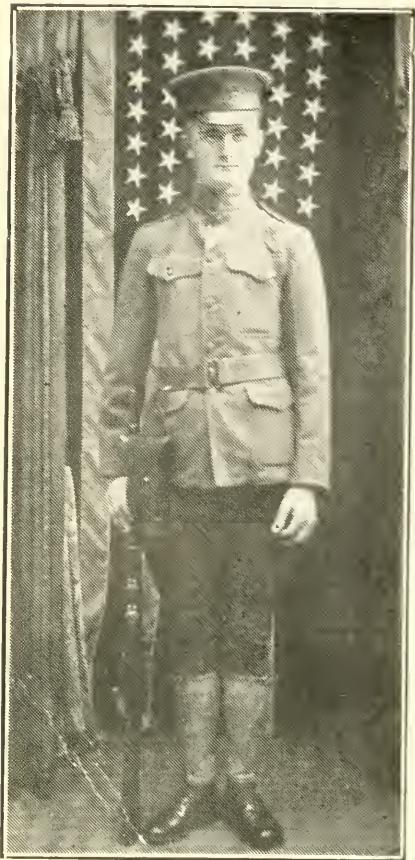
By Chancy L. Whitham

We'll soon be back from this terrible war,
Covered with honors and medals galore;
Back from chasing the terrible huns—
Back from the roar and crash of guns—
Back from doing our duties well—
Regular heroes we are—like hell.

We'll soon be back on the job again,
Out of the trenches, the cold and the rain,
Where we fought fierce battles against the huns,
Using our mouths instead of guns;
Back from doing our wonderful stunt
Of marking time on "The Louisville Front."

Yes, we'll soon be back from doing our "bit,"
Showing our "courage" and proving our "grit;"
Playing our part in the awful jam,
By eating some meals on Uncle Sam.
In fact, there is nothing could possibly mar
Our wonderful record of winning the war.

We know what we'll face when we're home once more;
How they'll "kid" us and "josh" us about "our war;"
And say we were "soldiers of peaceful ways—"
Oh, we'll hear all that to the end of our days.
And we'll only reply to the boys who "kid,"
"By God, we tried and that's more than you did."



ULY E. RICKETTS



SGT. LAWRENCE CHANDLER



LOREN STOOPS



WALTER GREEN

Chapter XIX

SWITZERLAND COUNTY'S ROLL OF HONOR

RED CROSS NURSES

Miss Hattie Kendall
Miss Lulu Shanahan
Miss Mary Shanahan

Miss Louise Schroeder
Miss Stella Miller
Miss Nina Washmuth

SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES

Earl Armstrong
Guy Anderson
Hervey F. Adams
Herbert Archer
Fred G. Adams
William C. Archer
Leland S. Adams
Galin Armstrong
Earl Adams
Charlie Andrew
John F. Butters
Howard P. Burton
Bertram Buchanan
Ulysses Butters
Ermon Brown
James H. Buddenberg
Leslie Byram
Clifford Brindley
Everett Bennett
John C. Blevins
Russell Bennett
Martin Buenning
Carroll Butler
Ernest A. Bressert
Leon Buschmann
Hiram Bakes, Jr.
Elmer A. Brown
B. H. Butcher
Paul J. Bodey
William R. Bliss

Ivan Boesch
Claude H. Barton
Walter Buenning
John F. Brockschlager
Claude Brown
Enoch M. Brindley
Charles Brameier
Robert Banta
William Bowen
Eddie Burman
John L. Birkemier
Edgar L. Baird
Lewis Boyd
Jesse Browning
Everett A. Brown
Jesse Boright
Francis Beatty
Mark Bear
John W. Ballard
Eddie C. Birkemier
Bernard Breeck
Alfred Benning
Herbert Barker
Elmer Browning
Dan Brindley
Charles Banta
William Brameier
Clarence Bennett
Clarence F. Cole
Denver Chase

Clarence Chase
 George L. Clendenning
 Stanley Couch
 Lawrence Chandler
 William Carlton
 Hubert Cole
 Harold E. Curry
 John W. Colen
 Raymond Carnine
 Bernard R. Carver
 Robert Coy, Jr.
 Virgil Cole
 Charles E. Clements
 Charles Carter
 Clarence Croxton
 Claude H. Cotton
 Albert Cotton
 Dean Campbell
 Chester Chase
 Otis E. Chase
 Carl Collins
 Harry Cleeter
 James Carl
 M. P. Creath
 Edward Cole
 Stacey Cole
 Charles Cheevers
 Paul Couch
 Clair Curry
 Sam Carlton
 August Cutter
 Rufus Colen
 Edward Colen
 Harry Dunn
 Wilfred Dufour
 D. W. Dodd
 Edwin F. Danner
 Willie Dunn
 Raymond L. Detraz
 J. Kirby Danglede
 Dave Day
 Allan Day
 Charles L. Danner
 Will Dickason
 Leslie R. Driver
 Dilver S. Dunning

George W. Day
 Jacob H. Detmer
 Howard P. Dibble
 Leland O. Dunning
 Leo Dittgen
 Clements Demann
 Roy Driver
 Pryor Edrington
 Lucian Emerson
 James W. Edrington
 George English
 Robert Emerson
 Winfield English
 Warren Elsrod
 Humphrey W. Evans
 James R. Evans
 Benjamin Franklin
 Irvin Furnish
 Halstead Ferguson
 Edwin S. Furnish
 Gerald Frazier
 Smith Fallis
 Arthur Furnish
 William T. Faunce
 Clarence Forsee
 Irwin Foutty
 Theodore Foster
 William Foley
 Harvey H. Ferguson
 Roscoe A. Graham
 Elbridge Given
 Winfield S. Gordon
 Charlie Griswold
 Charlie Gardner
 Eugene Grimes
 Vere Graham
 Clyde Griffith
 Clennie H. Griffin
 Herbert Earl Gullion
 Walter Green
 Sam Huff
 Joseph C. Hollcraft
 Fletcher Hufford
 Silas Hewitt
 Robert T. Harris
 David Humphrey

Hubert Hamilton
 James R. Hankins
 Crawford Hamilton
 Fred W. Humphrey
 Leon F. Hickman
 George B. Hall, Jr.
 Wesley M. Hall
 Forrest Hughes
 David Heath
 Garritt L. H. Hoffmeier
 Bluford Humphrey
 Howard N. Humphrey
 Earl Hughes
 Gilbert Henry
 Raymond Hardin
 Casper Hollcraft
 John Herring
 Howard Higgins
 Wilbur Houze
 Roy A. Hastings
 Leslie Hamilton
 Walter Herndon
 Gayle N. Hufford
 Herman Hankins
 Vernon Hudson
 Charles W. Haskell
 Walter Humphrey
 William C. Hudson
 Forrest W. Hess
 Charlie Hardin
 Griffith Hufford
 Ray Haskell
 Wayne Hufford
 Raymond Hufford
 Carroll Houze
 John W. Heath
 Forest Iddings
 Omer Jump
 Fade Kelly
 Charles L. Kent
 Mort Kelly
 V. E. Kelly
 Robert Knox
 Ward Kelly
 Lawrence E. Kinman
 George H. Klausung

Hank K. Konkle
 David Kern
 Stanley Lock
 Jesse Lock
 Earl Lamkin
 William Littrell
 Ray Leatherbury
 Halstead Long
 Charles Z. Long
 Ernest Lackland
 Albert L. Lowe
 Emerson Loomis
 Edward Land
 Robert E. Lee
 Walter Lawrence
 Uly Lock
 Dwight Lee
 Avon Lauderbaugh
 Oscar Lee
 Marcus Lee
 Harvey Leatherbury
 Herschel A. Lorch
 Edgar R. Licking
 Edward F. Langhorst
 Charlie E. Lock
 Thomas E. Lauderbaugh
 Ray Lockwood
 Arthur Lockwood
 Eldo Lauderbaugh
 Harry Lamson
 Hobart Lamkin
 Mike McLean
 Carroll McKay
 William Ray McKay
 Leonard McClellan
 Robert McCreary
 Clarence McKenzie
 Charlie McKenzie
 Emerson McSwain
 George McKay
 Eugene McLaughlin
 Fred Madison
 Charles Moore
 Emmett Mead
 Clarence Marksbury
 Edward L. Means

Peter Moll
 Ray Morrison
 Aaron Moreillion
 Henry Moreillion
 Curt Montanye
 James H. Mix
 Clifford Miller
 Joe Mead
 Jesse G. Miller
 Harry Meyer
 Clarence Moore
 Raymond Morris
 Clyde March
 Charles L. Martin
 Denver Markland
 Herman Meier
 George Miller
 Stanley Morton
 Schenck Mills
 Avon L. Miller
 Frank Mitchell
 William G. McLaughlin
 Herbert Neal
 Ben H. Neal
 Patterson S. Newbold
 Joseph A. Netherland
 Benjamin W. Niemeier
 Cleveland F. Niemeier
 Rex A. Noble
 Rae C. Noble
 Scott Osborne
 Robert Oakley
 J. Grammer Oakley
 Allan J. Oatman
 James W. Orem
 William F. Olcott
 Walter L. Osborne
 Sam Pavy
 Charles L. Petit
 John W. Pickett
 Robert Phillips
 Frank Pelsor
 Ed Potter
 Loomis Peak
 Charles E. Palmer
 George F. Platt

Loren Peters
 Thomas W. Pike
 Leonard W. Purcell
 Warren Peters
 McKinley Perry
 Porter Patton
 Lawrence Pickett
 Harold Patterson
 Howard Peters
 Charles Patterson
 Louis Poling
 Earl Peak
 Henry Petit
 Harvey Petit
 Edward Pickett
 Joseph Richardson
 Charlie Rogers
 Henderson Riley
 Fallis Reed
 David A. Ralston, Jr.
 Ivan E. Ricketts
 Uly E. Ricketts
 Howard E. Ryan
 Raymond Rose
 Louis F. Robison
 Jeff Rayl
 Charlie Runyan
 Earl Roberts
 Frank Reed
 Samuel D. Romans
 Herschel H. Rogers
 Edgar Ramseyer
 James F. Rook
 Howard Reed
 George N. Reeves, Jr.
 Elza Ross
 Wallace Rochat
 Paul Richter
 Zachariah Riley
 Glenn Sample
 Clair Scott
 David Sieglitz
 H. M. Smith
 Alva Shadday
 Irvin Siebert
 Amie Stepleton

William Stepleton
 Justi Shaw
 Clyde Schoffner
 Oscar Scudder
 Raymond Scudder
 K. Shahaday
 Wesley P. Stegemiller
 Cliva Schroeder
 Harry Scott
 Harry Smith
 Ernest Satchwell
 Howard Sheldon
 Wilbur Stevenson
 Bennett Stewart
 Pryor Smith
 Loren Stoops
 Harry F. Shadday
 Hugh Shanahan
 John N. Shanahan
 Claude Siefert
 Clyde Scott
 Wilbur M. Stow
 Roy E. Scott
 Charlie C. Shelton
 Herbert M. Sigmon
 James Carl Storie
 James Scudder
 Willie L. Scott
 Lawrence J. Scudder
 Carlisle Simmons
 Baron Stow
 Arnold Smith
 Everett Scudder
 Merritt Stewart
 Allan E. Shadday
 Victor B. Shadday
 Harry Stepleton
 Colon Scott
 Gilbert Storie
 James Stewart
 Herschel Stewart
 Everett J. Scudder
 Chauncey Steele
 Robert E. Smith
 Seaver Sheldon
 Dilver Scott

Howard Stoops
 Bert Stepleton
 Arthur Stout
 Karl M. Snyder
 Amie Slawson
 Carroll Saberton
 Charles W. Stewart
 Gerald Scudder
 Clifford Thiebaud
 Byron Tilley
 Scott Thompson
 Calvin Tompkins
 Harry S. Towers
 Harold Tardy
 William Trinkle
 Hubert Turner
 George L. Tinker
 Joe Trinkle
 Louis Teats
 John Taylor
 John C. Uhlman
 Henry C. Uhlman
 Ollie H. Uhlmansiek
 Lee Vannatter
 William C. Vandever
 Marion Williamson
 Harry Weales
 John L. Wiley
 Elmer F. White
 Chancy L. Whitham
 Loomis Wilson
 Louie Williams
 Arthur W. Wake
 Fletcher Waltz
 Ernest Wagner
 Juneear Wake
 Harry Whitton
 Glen Waltz
 Elbert Wolf
 Ernest G. Waltz
 Benjamin F. Wiley
 Ray Wolf
 Marion Warner
 Joseph M. Wiseman
 Ray Wakefield
 William H. Wiley

Beecher Weaver
W. D. Wallick
Porter Webster
Warren S. Whitham
Gary Welch
Oscar M. Webb
Arnold Weaver

W. Hampton Williamson
Will Wahl
J. D. Weathers
Hayes Williamson
Leslie Wakefield
Anthony Yates
Charles Yates

Chapter XX

AMICK BROTHERS FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE

Guy Amick and brother Willis, each saw ten months active service in France in the Sixtieth Artillery.

The two brothers enlisted May 2, 1917, and were never separated. They were in the Argonne Forest from September 20th, until after the armistice was signed.

They told the following story of their experiences:

During our first night on the front there were fourteen gas alarms, and long before daylight we realized that old General Sherman, way back in the 60s, knew what he was talking about. The Americans fought like wildcats; they knew no such thing as fear, and no body of men on earth could have held them back.

Some of the Switzerland county boys who have come back from the front have told stories of their experiences, we have heard, but no boy who ever comes back will be able to tell you half of the horrible things he has seen and gone through.

During the St. Mihiel fighting two lieutenants and five privates were standing about 100 yards from our gun. A boche shell hit in their midst and all seven of them were simply wiped out of existence. Another day we heard a shell coming, and all of us fell flat on the earth. One of the boys flopped down in the mud and the shell hit within five feet of him. It doesn't seem possible that that man could have escaped being blown to atoms but after the explosion he arose to his feet uninjured. Five minutes later, after he realized what a close call he had had, he turned as white as a sheet.

From the fifth day of September until after the armistice was signed we did not have our clothes off our backs. For more than two months we wore the same shirt, the same suit of underwear and the same pair of socks. We were filthy beyond description. We were in the Argonne Forest from September 20th until the armistice was signed. During all that time we were supposed to have two meals a day. Some days we got them according to schedule, other days we didn't. There was no such thing as water, except stagnant stuff that we dipped from shellholes, and which nearly always had to be boiled before we could drink it.

At one place in the Argonne there was a piece of ground containing about an acre and in that small spot were lying the bodies of more than 200 American soldiers. We saw those bodies lying on top of the ground for a week, each day growing more putrid. It was impossible to bury them. We walked over them and we didn't think any more about it than if they had been pieces of wood.

Those dead soldiers were all from the 18th Infantry, a regiment which was literally wiped out half a dozen times during the war. The bodies bore mute evidence of the terrible fighting they had been engaged in. (Editor's Note—The 18th Infantry is the regiment in which John F. Butters was in all during the war. Hubert Turner, another Switzerland county boy, was in the same regiment at the time of the massacre described above.)

Lots of people have never believed the stories telling of German barbarity, but when we captured Sedan we saw the results of some of it with our own eyes.

The fall of Sedan released 15,000 French refugees. Hundreds of girls not more than 14 years old were carrying babies in their arms. We saw this with our own eyes. These girls had been made the playthings of the entire German army which held them. The poor things were turned over to the Allied officials to be cared for; they were supplied with clothing, food, etc., and the women who waited on them informed our officers, who in turn told the men, that every one of those girls had a portion of her breasts cut off.

The American soldier has no use for the Y. M. C. A. organization. We paid ten cents to them for five cent packages of cigarettes and on one occasion the cigarettes we purchased had a card on the inside of the package which stated the cigarettes had been contributed by a man residing in Dallas, Texas.

I saw a Y. M. C. A. man come up to our camp one day with a lot of newspapers in a Ford. He was selling the papers. One of the boys told him he didn't have any money and asked him for a paper. The Y. M. C. A. man refused to give him one. A minute later an officer walked up to him and asked him for a paper. The Y. M. C. A. man gave him two.

You won't find many of the boys who have any use for the Y. M. C. A. but every mother's son of them will take off their hats to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. Those two organizations couldn't do enough for the boys.

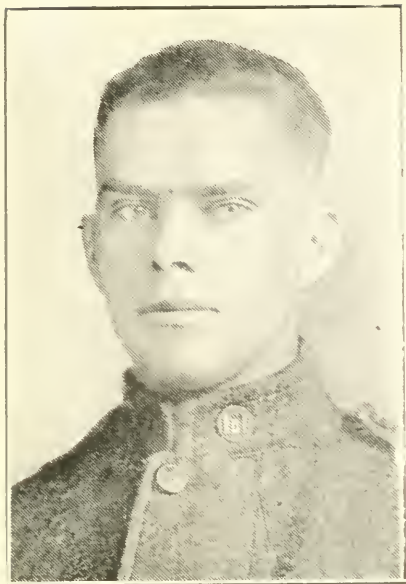
There's been a whole lot of talk about camp conditions at Brest, and one or two big bugs went over the place hurriedly in automobiles and reported that conditions there were fair.

Well, before leaving for the States we spent 28 days at Brest. There were times when we stood for two and one-half hours in mud over our shoe tops waiting for our chow.

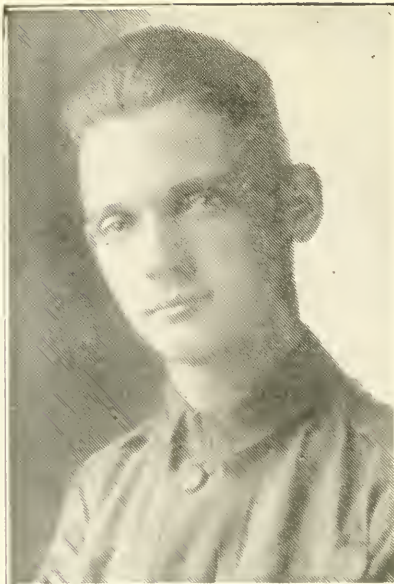
At Brest the investigation was under way while we were there. Here's the way our Senate officials were camouflaged:

Our outfit was lined up and each man given a new suit of underwear. We then took a bath and donned the new suits. Before putting on the remainder of our clothes, we were lined up and a picture was taken of us which would show the new underwear. As soon as the camera man had left the new underwear was taken from us and we were given back the old stuff that we had been wearing when we reached Brest. We heard of another outfit that was given bars of chocolate. The camera man took a picture of the soldiers, each fellow showing the chocolate, and after the picture was taken the chocolate was taken from the men.

Those photographs showing the ideal treatment of U. S. soldiers at Brest, were sent to Washington.



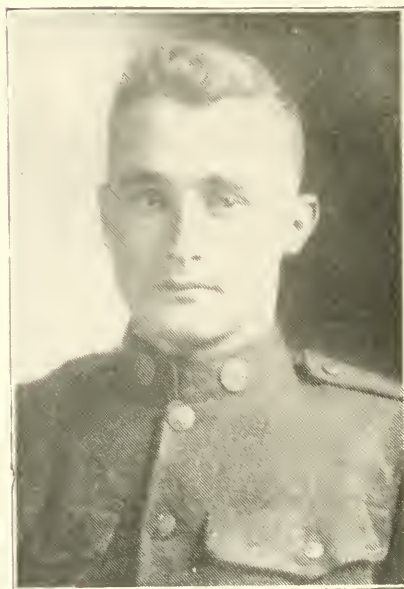
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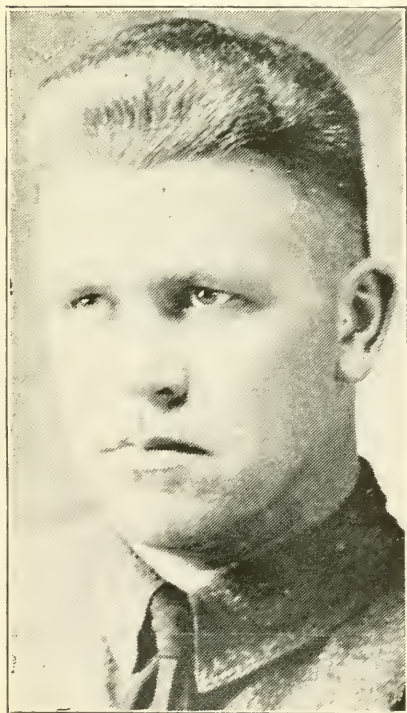
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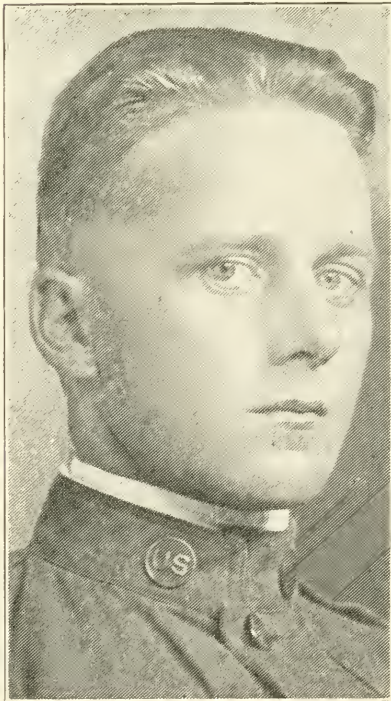
LESLIE BYRAM



DAVID A. RALSTON, JR.



CLIVA SCHROEDER



WILLIAM RAY MCKAY

Chapter XXI

JOHN F. BUTTERS ON ELEVEN BATTLE FRONTS

I left Vevay April 17, 1917, to enlist in the army, was accepted and sent to Douglas, Ariz., for training along the Mexican border. I was placed in Co. M, 18th Infantry, an old regular army outfit, and during my first week in the service drilled 25 hours, and each day took long hikes. From the way that outfit was getting into shape it was plain to see that it would be but a short time until we started for France. On May 26th it was whispered around that we would leave Camp June 1st for the coast. During the last week in May our training was harder than ever and a few of us youngsters who had only recently been placed in the outfit were sent to the rifle range for practice.

On my first practice I was nervous and shaky, but I loaded the gun and laid down in the trench. I aimed at the target 300 yards away and fired, the bullet hitting the edge of the bull's-eye. The next two times I hit in the same spot. The fourth time I was a little off and by that time I was more shaky than ever but I determined to hit that bull's-eye squarely in the center with my last shot. The target was resting at the foot of a hill half a mile high. I took careful aim, pulled the trigger and missed the whole darn hill.

When the first of June arrived we left for the coast, embarked on a ship and started for France. Although we knew the German subs were keeping up a strict search for us, we also had the utmost confidence in the destroyers forming our convoy, and our faith was not misplaced. We landed safely on June 28, 1917, and France gave us a welcome that will ever be fresh in my mind. With all the joyous reception accorded us, however, I couldn't keep out the feeling that so far as old-time friends were concerned I was alone in a strange, wonderful land.

We were sent to a camp and rushed through the finishing touches of training. I slept on the floor in an old ruined mill destroyed by german shells and filled with noisy rats. Paris was thirty miles to the south-east and the trenches thirty miles to the west. When the wind blew in our direction, the great trench mortars were plainly heard. Only a few miles from this camp the first great battle of the Marne was fought. The country all about had been ruined, animals were driven off, crops were destroyed, peasants' homes were burned and all that the Germans had left behind was misery, hunger and poverty. Food was so scarce that we ate horse meat, but it didn't taste as bad as it sounds. Troops continually passed us, going to or coming from the front for periods of rest. Everybody I saw was in mourning and about the only color in evidence was black. France at this time was on her last legs, and numerous French soldiers told me that unless help came from the United States mighty soon France must give up.

The terrible sights our outfit witnessed at this camp made every Yank in

the first American army redouble his training effort so as to take his place at the front that much sooner. I don't believe there was a man in my regiment who would not gladly have laid down his life to avenge the wrong done France and to bring about a victory for the Allies.

During our training period in France we were moved to several different camps, and I found France more beautiful every day. Her roads are the finest in the world. They stretch away for hundreds of miles and every foot is graded as smooth as cement. French customs, however, always remained queer to me. For instance—a very common sight was to see a fellow and his sweetheart walking along the street with their arms about each other. But a commoner sight was to see one of Uncle Sam's soldiers and some Frenchman's sweetheart walking along the street with their arms about each other. The customs were so queer that for a long time after I reached France I lived in fear that some grateful Frenchman would walk up to me and kiss me, but I escaped that as easily as I did the German bullets.

Our training was finally over, and orders came in the summer of 1917, for the Americans to take over a portion of the trenches. We marched to the trenches under cover of darkness in a down-pour of rain and through a sea of mud. But notwithstanding the uncomfortableness of it every lad was happy. Preparations and anticipations of months were being realized; we were taking our place on the firing line in front of the German guns. For hours through the night our boys marched through the rain and mud. There was little noise; we had been cautioned against making any unnecessary sound, and the entire movement of troops was accomplished without the Germans finding it out. I went into the trench with a machine gun on my back. When day broke the following morning the first American gun was fired and Uncle Sam's soldiers had at last entered the war for humanity. The Germans' first line trench was but a few hundred yards away. Their guns kept up a constant serenade and our boys sent back shot for shot.

I don't believe any army ever got its first baptism of fire under such severe conditions as did we. After taking over the trench we stood in mud almost up to our knees for hours at a time. The rain drenched us to the skin and a 60-mile wind made our bodies as cold as ice.

After several weeks in the trenches we were sent to a rest camp for a few days and then went back to the front. We were under fire so often that we soon became used to it and paid little heed to the rumble of the guns. Day and night the guns roared and it seemed that there was never a let-up. When the gun crews near me stopped for a breathing spell others a little farther away kept up their bombardment so that the roar and rumble went on unceasingly.

For a long time we made no direct attack on the Germans except raiding parties in the night time, but finally this plan of warfare ended and we began taking part in the drives. By the first part of November our regiment had been replenished with men a number of times. By that I mean that on different occasions men had been killed or injured and that after each of these times replacements were sent to us to take the places of the boys who had gone West.

About the first of November, 1917, we left the trenches again, and during the weeks that followed we fought in several different sectors. Some of these places were rather quiet, but others were lively enough to suit any man and the 18th Infantry sure sent many a German to hell where he belonged.

A few days before Christmas of 1917, the Germans sent their gas shells bursting over our lines. We were pretty badly scared at first, but our masks worked to perfection and not a man was injured. When the gas scare had passed the Yanks were peeved and they attacked the huns in earnest, killing scores of them. Several of our boys were killed and each one of them went to his death fighting to the last breath. Some of my comrades were wounded and those who were still conscious fought until they were picked up and carried to the hospital. The American soldier is a fighting son-of-a-gun and the boche found it out before we had been at the front very many weeks. We gave them a taste of American marksmanship which they didn't like at all.

On supposedly quiet sectors the boys were not content to remain idle and let our artillery get all the glory, so scouting parties were formed and under cover of darkness we went over the top, crawled through the entanglements on No Man's Land and made our way to the German line. Occasionally a few would fail to return, others would come crawling in with a german prisoner or two and still others, bumping into a german scouting party would kill the germans and then succeed in reaching our line in safety.

During the latter part of December, 1917, and in January, 1918, we did very little real fighting. Severe cold weather followed a four days snow, and about the only activity we had was cutting wood with which to keep up the fires. During this time a Salvation Army hut was located right at our line and all during the period of our inactivity they served us hot chocolate and doughnuts. By the word "inactivity," I don't mean that everything was quiet and peaceful—not by a long shot. There never was a day, I guess, that the huns didn't send shells over our lines and occasionally one or two of our boys would be bumped off.

During that winter of 1917-1918 I was a messenger in the army, and it was rather a spooky job at times. While the shells were bursting with their deafening roar and bullets were flying, I carried messages back and forth through the trenches. Occasionally I had to carry the message to an officer several miles away, going through the trenches, then over the top, along roads, through fences, etc. During one scrap I was hurrying through the darkness with a message when a German sniper either heard me or caught a glimpse of me. At any rate that guy began shooting at me and I heard the bullets sing as they passed. My legs hadn't been given me for nothing and I sure did haul it away from the spot.

Gas attacks became so frequent that each of us was issued two gas masks instead of one. If one of them went back on us then the other could be hurriedly adjusted.

While we were in the trenches about the middle of February, 1918, a youngster in the 18th Infantry won a medal for bravery. The huns slipped over in the night, got down into the trench and threw hand grenades down into the dugout

where some of our boys were sleeping. One plucky lad slipped out of the door just as the Germans began throwing the bombs. He climbed out of the trench to one just back of the one occupied by his squad, and then that boy, (he was just a kid), began throwing hand grenades at the Germans. He threw two boxes of them and he sure got a bunch of huns. While throwing the grenades the kid discovered one of his Lieutenants coming down the trench to take part in the scrap. As one of the Germans started to bayonet the Lieutenant from behind, the kid threw his 45 at a level and pulled the trigger. Mr. boche dropped and the Lieutenant's life was saved. The kid was the only American in his squad to escape. The others were killed or captured. The youngster was cited for bravery and shortly afterward was decorated.

On March 1, 1918, after we had been in the trenches for 26 days, we left for a brief rest. When we went back to the trenches I was placed in a machine gun company of the same outfit I had been with since leaving the States. Shortly afterward we started for the Picardy plains, where the fighting had grown in volume. We hiked hour after hour until I got dizzy and my body cried out against the torture, but the column tramped, tramped, tramped, and I managed to stick with them, although lots of fellows dropped exhausted by the wayside. The fighting on the Picardy front was terrible, but the spirit of the American soldiers shown in this battle proved to the Allies that there could be no doubt as to the outcome of the war. I saw young fellows minus a foot or hand, others gassed or otherwise injured, hobbling to a first aid station unassisted and waving away the brave Red Cross lads telling them—"There are others that need you worse"—then grit their teeth and hobble on.

On this front my chum was gassed and sent back to the hospital. Once before this he had been shot while he and I were fighting side by side. He had only been back with us a short time when we hiked to the Picardy front. After taking treatment for the gas, however, he recovered and returned to the Company. His name is Warren S. Davis and he came from Connerville. I met him in St. Louis while on my way to the Douglas, Ariz., camp, and we bunked together from that moment on.

It seems like now that all during the spring and summer of 1918 they just kept us hiking all over France. We'd get to one battle front where the Allies were making a brave stand, and after we'd been there a short time and had turned the tide of battle into a retreat of the huns, then we'd get orders to hurry to some other front. It was an awful life filled with thousands of hardships. In the trenches sometimes we had to wade through water up to our waists. We slept in the mud, and oftentimes some of us would go hungry because the trench rats had carried off our bacon and hardtack. But suffering didn't stop the Americans. Our boys just continued to plug along and we whipped the Germans every time we went up against them.

During the month of July, 1917, one Saturday morning we received orders to hike to Soissons to the aid of the Allies. We started on Saturday at noon, and we marched until 5:30 Monday evening on two meals consisting of corned "willie"

and hardtack. In all that march, day and night, we stopped only long enough to eat our two meals and feed the horses and mules. But what that march of the 1st division did for the huns is history now, so there is no use to go into detail. We took the Germans by surprise and when we hit their line what we did to them was a plenty.

During the summer of 1917 my duties were changed for a while, and I drove a chow wagon along the line in the night carrying food to the boys. At times I would have to drive for ten or fifteen kilometers on soil the Germans had just lost, and the roads and fields would be filled with bodies of dead Germans.

On July 18, 1917, we fought one of the hardest battles United States troops ever engaged in. We went up against the Prussian Guards near Soissons and we simply tore their army to pieces. The fight lasted for days and every foot of the huns' retreat was marked by a bitter struggle. The slaughter of the Germans is past description, but on the other hand our victory was dearly paid for. Acquaintances in my Company fell all about me. My chum and a Lieutenant were a little ahead of the squad when they spied several huns in a shell hole. Four of them threw up their hands. The three others jumped for a machine gun but Davy got 'em before they got to it. A short time afterward my chum disappeared from my side, and for weeks I was under the impression that he had been killed, but I afterward learned he had been wounded and that he recovered. During the war Davy was wounded nine different times. Our outfit captured hundreds of prisoners and large numbers of guns and other war material. During some part of this battle a piece of shrapnel buried itself in my gas mask, and that is the nearest I ever came to being injured.

In one of the little towns in the Rheims-Soissons fighting, I had a brief rest period. I knew Irvin Furnish, of Vevay, was located on a hill nearby, firing one of the heavy guns, so I went over to see him. I had a headache, though, and after staying with him a few minutes, during which time I told him what house I would sleep in that night, I went back to my temporary quarters. During the afternoon I was lying down in the cellar of the house when one of the German six-inch shells struck the roof of the house and tore it up quite a bit. I was badly shook up but not injured, and a short time after, Irvin, relieved from his gun for a few hours, came to the house to see me. When he discovered the house had been wrecked by a shell, but that I was uninjured, he said, "John, I'm going back and give Heine hell for coming so close to you." In about ten minutes I heard the "boom-bang" from his gun, and I felt that a friend in need is a friend indeed.

A short time before the armistice was signed we were sent to the Argonne Forest, and there we experienced the most terrible fighting of the war. Machine guns belched a murderous fire until the barrels were all but melted. Soldiers, dying and dead, covered the ground in all directions. Loose legs and arms were no uncommon sight. Dead horses and mules dotted the earth and pools of blood formed on the ground. Our casualties ran into the thousands but the Germans by this time had enough and they retreated so fast that at times we couldn't keep up with them.

During the fighting in the Argonne the shelling became so heavy that I crawled into a shell hole. A Yank was lying in the hole dead. His Bible was tightly grasped in his hands and it was opened at the book of St. John. On another occasion I found a dead American soldier holding a small American flag in his hand and his bowed head was leaning over so that his lips touched the flag for which he had given his life.

On June 28, 1917, when we landed in France, there were 200 men in my Company. On November 11, 1918, the day the war came to an end, there were only 20 of us left, the remainder of the Company being composed of replacement troops. The 180 missing were sleeping their last sleep in the Argonne and under the sod of eleven battle fields in sunny France.

After the armistice was signed our outfit started immediately for Germany. We hiked all the way and it took us fifteen days to get to Luxemburg. We paraded in the capital and the pretty young queen presented General Pershing with a big bunch of flowers. The towns we passed through on our march to the Rhine had been under German rule for four years and the inhabitants were sure glad to see the Yanks. Old men tipped their caps, women wept with joy and children sang as we marched along. We entered Germany on December 1, 1918.

Briefly, the record of the first division is as follows: We were the first organized, the first over, the first in the trenches, the first to lose a man, the first to fire on the enemy, the first to capture a hun and the first army. We lost more men than any other division. We captured the first town taken by the American Expeditionary Forces—Cantigny. We were in the trenches more than any other division, and we were the center thrust in the drive that ended the war in the Argonne Forest.

Following is a brief summary of the activities I engaged in, and a record of the First Division:

The first P. C. of the division was established at St. Nazaire on June 28, 1917. Up to the end of the war an even half hundred headquarters and P. C.'s were occupied, covering the training area, Lorraine, the Vosges, Picardy, the Meuse-Argonne, Verdun and various other sectors, and the occupation of Germany. From October 21 to November 20, 1917, we were in the Vosges. One prisoner was captured. Our losses were 2 men killed and 1 officer and 42 men wounded and 11 men missing.

From January 15 to April 3, 1918, was in the Ansanville sector with the French. We captured 10 prisoners. Our losses were officers killed, 5; men, 511. Wounded, officers, 26; men 251. Missing, men, 19.

From Lorraine the division went to Picardy and occupied the Montdidier sector from April 25 to July 7, 1918. During this period the first American offensive was put on and the village of Cantigny was captured. 285 prisoners were taken. Our losses were: killed, officers, 39; men, 804. Wounded, officers, 134; men, 4,338. Missing, officers, 2; men, 63.

After our relief from this sector, together with the 1st Moroccan Division of the French and the 2nd American Division, we started the offensive which cul-

minated in the armistice of November 11th. This offensive took place south of Soissons and was directed at the heights south of the city and the two main roads leading from the city—the first to Paris and the second to Chateau-Thierry. We captured 3,500 prisoners, 75 field pieces, 50 T^r M's and much other material. Our losses were: Killed, officers, 74; men, 1,178. Wounded, officers, 196; men, 4,949. Missing, officers, 15; men, 1,528.

Following Soissons we returned to Lorraine and occupied the Saizarais sector from August 7 to August 24. We captured 6 prisoners. Our losses were: Killed, men 2. Wounded, 14, and missing 5.

Next came the St. Mihiel operation, during which we attacked two days. We captured 1,195 prisoners and our losses were: Killed, officers, 2; men, 72. Wounded, officers, 9; men, 309. Men missing, 80.

You will notice that we did not take prisoners very often.

We entered the Argonne battle when it was necessary to go to the relief of the badly shattered 35th Division. We held the line four days with inadequate artillery support, waiting for the 1st Artillery Brigade to get up. The preliminary losses were heavy. During the action that followed we took 1,407 prisoners. Our losses were: Killed, officers, 35; men, 816. Wounded, officers, 132; men, 5,586. Missing, officers, 10; men, 1,705.

We advanced 7 kilometers against desperate resistance and met and defeated 8 good German divisions.

By the action of the First Division in this battle the Argonne was turned from what at best would have been a check, and might have been a partial defeat, to a splendid victory. The troops on either side of us being able to advance when we had broken the huns' resistance.

In the last action of the war we went into the relief of the 80th Division and on November 6th attacked in the direction of the Meuse. Later followed the celebrated march to Sedan when the Division, in the face of hostile fire, marched across the fronts of the 77th and 42nd Divisions, sweeping away the resistance that had stopped the two divisions in the afternoon. During the two days and nights of these two operations we captured 65 prisoners. Our losses were: Killed, officers, 2; men, 66. Wounded, officers, 20; men 834. Missing, officers, 3; men, 164.

Our total casualties in the campaign were officers, 715; men, 23,259. Total prisoners captured by us, 6,469. Total advanced against the enemy (not counting the advance to Sedan and several minor advances in which only a small portion of the Division was engaged), 51 kilometers. Figured on the basis that some divisions in the A. E. F. followed our total advance was in excess of 70 kilometers, thus placing our division first. I might add that we were first in everything but returning.

Chapter XXII

ULY BUTTERS FIGHTS WITH BRITISH

Accompanied by 25 Switzerland county boys, one of whom is now resting in Vevay's city of the dead, and four of whom made the supreme sacrifice in France, I left Vevay September 22, 1917, for Camp Taylor. We remained there until in March, 1919, when we were split up into different outfits and sent to Camp Sevier, S. C. We were there but a short time when we entrained for the East, leaving Hoboken, N. J., May 11, 1918.

Until our voyage was nearly over the trip was uneventful, but on Sunday night, May 26, a submarine attacked us. The chasers convoying us gave chase and dropped depth bombs and nothing more was seen or heard of the sub.

We landed at Liverpool, England, at noon on May 27, and went from there to Dover. Without losing any time we crossed the English Channel to Calais, France. While we were camped near the city two or three German aeroplanes passed over camp and dropped bombs on Calais. Anti-aircraft guns fired on them, but the bombers finished their mission and then returned safely to their own lines. At Calais we were signed over to the Second British Army Corps and were issued British Shortlee Infeld rifles.

From Calais we were sent to Lauges, where we received machine gun instruction, and then we were sent to Belgium.

We went into the Ypres sector alongside the Scotch Highlanders on July 4th, supporting the British army. We were the first American troops to enter Belgium. In this sector things were rather quiet, and in expectation of a German drive we built thousands of yards of trenches and wire construction.

Our first drive began on August 31 at which time we advanced 1,500 yards captured 15 prisoners, two machine guns and 35 rifles.

On September 5th we were drawn from this sector and placed in the British reserve, and we were then trained in attacking in conjunction with British tanks.

They began moving us forward on September 17th, and we all knew there would be something doing before many more days. On September 22nd we were moved to the British Fourth Army, and on the night of September 23-24 we took over a front line sector on the Somme from the 1st Australian Division.

At 5:30 o'clock on the morning of September 29th we went over the top on a front of 3,000 yards and drove straight at the Hindenburg line. The spot where we attacked was considered impregnable. The entire territory was filled with under-ground tunnels, the tunnels being electrically lighted. There were dug-outs thirty feet deep in the ground, and it did look like no army on earth could



MISS MAY SHANAHAN



MISS LOUISE SCHROEDER



CLAUDE H. COTTON



ROBERT PHILLIPS

capture the line at that point. On our left in the drive was an American division. On our right was a British division.

This drive was on the morning of the heavy fog. Men became lost from their companies and fought alongside total strangers. Machine gun fire mowed British and Americans down by the hundreds, but we swept on. We fought until October 2nd, advancing 4,200 yards, capturing eight cities, defeating two enemy divisions, and taking prisoners 47 officers and 1,434 men. On October 2nd we were relieved by the 5th Australian Division and moved to the back area at Herbecourt, but we had scarcely reached there until we were ordered back and we took over the front line in the same sector on the night of October 4th.

On October 8, 9, 10 and 11 we attacked each day, continually forcing the Germans back. During the four days we advanced 17,500 yards and captured 35 towns and cities. We took prisoners 45 officers and 1,889 men.

On October 11th we were relieved by the 27th division but returned to the front on October 16th. The following day we launched a new attack which continued for three days. In this drive we advanced 9,000 yards, captured six towns and took prisoners 6 officers and 412 men. The latter part of October we were withdrawn for a much needed rest, and while at Division Headquarters at Querrieu the armistice was signed.

I know of no particular German that I killed, although I probably got my share. I was in a machine gun squad of seven men that must have killed scores of huns.

At times I operated the gun myself and I just turned her into the German line and let her go. We would fire the gun until we had the huns cleaned out in front of us, then we would run forward as much as possible, place the gun and open up on them again.

Towns in the Ypres sector were simply torn to pieces by German shell fire and bombs. In some towns there was not a building of any description left standing, just miles of debris.

A French soldier who had been a prisoner of the Germans showed me one day what they did to him. While he was in their hands he said that every day they beat his left ankle with a sort of lever and they continued torturing him that way until his foot had been beaten off his leg.

Chapter XXIII

HOWARD P. BURTON RETURNS FROM THE DEAD

I enlisted in the Marine Corps at Louisville, May 7, 1917. Was sent to Paris Island, S. C., where I trained for six weeks, then went to Quantico, Va. Remained there until September 6th, then went to Philadelphia and boarded the U. S. S. Henderson on September 14th. After an uneventful voyage of nine days we disembarked at St. Nazaire, France, on September 23, 1917.

Was located at St. Nazaire several weeks then my battalion went to another training camp where we were instructed in trench digging, trench warfare and all kinds of drills.

About the first of February, 1918, we went to the Verdun front. The work there consisted of patrols and raiding parties principally, there not being much fighting on account of the rain and mud. Of course, we were shelled occasionally, but after a time we got so we didn't pay much attention to a little thing like that. While on this sector eleven of us went on a raiding trip to the hun trenches one night. We waited until way along in the night when you couldn't see your hand before your eyes and then slipped over the top. We took a section of the hun's trench by surprise and, just about as quick as it takes to tell it, we bagged eleven prisoners, one for each man, and started back to our lines where we arrived safely.

After spending several months on the Verdun front we left for the Lorraine front, where we expected to get some real action. We arrived there in April and found about the same kind of conditions that had existed on the Verdun sector. We remained there for several weeks and neither army made a direct drive in all that time. The artillery boys were about the only ones that got any action, and all we had to do was to hold ourselves in readiness for gas attacks which the Germans made occasionally.

During the latter part of May we got word that the Germans had started for Paris and each day they were steadily forcing the French soldiers back. In an almost forlorn hope we were rushed to Chateau-Thierry to help stop the drive.

On June 1st we went into action at Belleau Wood. The French were in front of us, dog tired, and in a state of collapse. Gallant fighters, they had gone their limit, however, and the odds were too great for them. For several days they held on, retreating step by step, and fearing to turn the line over to the American marines. When our commander informed them that his boys were going to take the line over anyhow they gave up although it was really against their will. They thought the Americans could not withstand the onslaught of the hun hordes, and they believed that Paris was doomed.

On June 6th the French retreated through our lines and went to the rear for

a period of rest, and then the big scrap started in earnest. The Germans charged and we sent them back reeling. They came back and we drove them off again. We fought continuously for days trying to do nothing but hold our own. We forgot the habits of a lifetime; thought nothing of leaving our clothes on day after day and of eating a bite only now and then when the chance offered. We were there to save Paris and also to show the French that Americans could scrap a little, too, if the occasion arose.

On June 11th a German three-inch cannon located in a hole in the ground, and surrounded by machine guns, began playing havoc with our line. The cannon was firing directly into our midst on a straight line, and marines were falling everywhere. The big gun was planted in rocks and camouflaged with bushes. If it had remained there much longer entire companies would have been wiped out. Lieut M. C. Overton was ordered to take a platoon of 47 men and capture the cannon. When the word to charge was given we jumped to our feet and began running, firing our rifles as we ran. We circled the spot where the cannon and machine guns were concealed and then every man dashed toward the cannon. We didn't take any prisoners, either. There were eight machine gun crews besides the three-inch gun's crew, and we killed every man of them. Six of our own men were killed in the charge. (The cannon mentioned here was afterward sent to the United States and is now located at Washington. On it are engraved the names of each of the 47 men who captured it.)

For days uncountable we fought continuously. We lost track of time and each man fought for himself. When we became so exhausted that we couldn't go forward another step we dug shallow holes in the ground and dropped into them for brief rests. At nights, in some unknown manner, food was sent to us, but occasionally the fighting was so heavy that we would not have a bite to eat nor a drop of water in two or three days' time.

However, we had the Germans on the run, and we kept right after them heading closer and closer to Chateau-Thierry. We were paying dearly for our victory, however, and at one time during the battle there were only eighteen men left in our platoon. Without a pause in the fighting we drove the Germans back all along the line until June 24th when the third American division relieved us and we went back to a rest camp.

While resting up, Parisians began planning a great Fourth of July celebration in honor of the Americans. Our commanders picked twenty men out of each company and sent them to Paris to take part in the parade. There were about 480 marines in the parade and I was lucky enough to be one of them. If you could have seen that parade you would have thought Paris people had gone crazy. Every citizen had procured a bouquet of flowers and when the marines came in sight at points along the line the flowers were strewn in the street for us to walk on. We literally walked over a cushion of flowers all the way. The crowd shouted "Long live Americans," and they cheered us until I actually blushed. After the parade they gave a banquet for the marines and following the banquet they escorted us to various places of interest in Paris.

We went back to the rest camp where our ranks were filled with replacements, and on July 17th we were rushed to Soissons. On the morning of the 18th we went over the top and fought until it was too dark to see. By night we had the Germans retreating as usual. At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th we started after them again. Our outfit had to cross an open field and then drive the Germans out of a woods. That woods was literally alive with Germans, and in crossing the field they almost wiped our company out of existence. About eight o'clock in the morning a machine gun bullet passed through the fleshy part of my leg. I saw that it was nothing serious, bandaged it up and kept on going. About ten o'clock we had advanced to within 100 yards of the woods and at that moment pieces of shrapnel struck me in the face and right arm. The piece of metal that entered my face passed through my upper lip, tore out three teeth, cut a chunk out of my tongue and lodged in the back part of my throat. The other piece tore the muscles loose in my arm, cut an artery in two and mashed the bone to splinters.

I couldn't go any farther but what few boys were left in my outfit kept on and took the woods. When they finally put the huns to rout Lieut. Overton and four men were the only ones left in my platoon and Lieut. Overton was the only officer left in the company.

For a short time my wounds did not pain me very much, there being only a stinging sensation. I tried to get back to the first aid but owing to the loss of blood from the wound in my arm I couldn't make it. A man named Todd, from Tennessee, who was a member of my platoon, came hobbling along shot through the leg. He could hardly drag himself but he stopped and helped me bandage my arm and then he went on back. He said he'd tell the stretcher bearers to come after me but they must have missed me for I laid there until four o'clock the next morning before they finally found me.

I was rushed to Base Hospital 27, where I was unconscious for two days. When I came to my arm was tied above my head to hold it in position, and they kept it that way for six weeks. It wasn't very pleasant but I was in an American hospital where the nurses were all Americans, and they cheered me as much as possible. When I could talk I had a nurse write a letter home telling the folks I was better. I was finally sent to Base No. 8 where I remained till I started for the States on September 12th. Lieut. Overton, whom Switzerland county people read about in the Vevay papers, was killed in the Argonne Forest September 26th, being shot through the heart.

* * * * *

Howard P. Burton's experience in the war was more remarkable than that of any other Switzerland county man. In July, 1918, his parents received the following letter of praise from Lieut. M. C. Overton:

"It is a pleasure to me to censor a letter one of my boys has written to his mother, for I know every mother back in the dear old U. S. A. is worried about her boy in France. I take pleasure in telling you, Mrs. Burton, that you have a noble boy. His work the last ten days has been strenuous, under heavy artillery

fire from the enemy, and very dangerous, but your son braved it all. His work has been very faithful and his duties, although very dangerous, have been done honorably. Don't worry! I will take very good care of your boy as long as he is in my command. His deeds and record the last ten days have brought much honor and praise to me as well as himself."

Three weeks later on August 7th, Burton's parents received the following telegram from the war department:

"Deeply regret to inform you cablegram from abroad advises that private Howard Burton, marine corps, was killed in action July 19th. Body will be interred abroad until end of war. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your great loss. Your son nobly gave his life in the service of his country.—George Barnett, Major General Commander."

The news of Burton's death swept through Switzerland county like wildfire. The story of how he had assisted in putting the Germans to rout at Belleau Wood had been published in a Vevay newspaper, and all citizens in the county had been singing his praises. Never before had the people been so shocked as on the day the official notice of the young man's death was received. The entire county mourned and citizens of nearby cities, who also had learned of his brave deeds, mourned also when they heard of his death.

The Vevay Chautauqua was in session the day the heart-breaking message was received. That night the Court House bell, the fire bells and the church bells were tolled in honor of the dead hero. A musical attraction at the Chautauqua rendered sacred selections. Private Peat, a returned Canadian soldier, referred to his "going West" in a lecture. At the conclusion of the program Judge Griffith informed the immense audience of the young man's death and recited the story of his bravery. Rev. W. T. Dart read the letter from Burton's commander to his mother and then more than 1200 persons stood with bowed heads while the minister prayed to God for the taking Home of the hero's soul, and for peace to come to the bereaved family.

On August 17th the county was electrified by news that Burton was alive. A letter written in a strange hand had been received by his mother, saying he was alive and in a hospital. It was signed with the young man's name.

The parents dared not hope the message could be true. Friends interested in the case notified Senators Watson and New at Washington and they in turn sent cables to France. The family were in suspense several weeks longer until further letters were received from the young man, when tears gave way to rejoicing.

After reaching the States, Burton was sent to Washington, D. C., where he remained for many months taking treatment for his arm of which he never entirely recovered its full use.

Chapter XXIV

LESLIE BYRAM SAVED BY GERMAN PRISONERS

Our voyage across the ocean which, at the time, seemed the most important event in my life, today seeps through my mind as an incident hardly worthy of mention. We landed safely, were cheered by the British, drilled for days at a camp, and after our commanders felt that we were "fit," took our place on the Belgian front.

On August 28, 1918, about thirty Switzerland county boys who trained at Camp Taylor, Ky., were thrown in, with their regiments, to help stop the enemy's advance. It was our first time under fire and while I am not saying anything about how the rest of the boys felt, I'll never forget my own feelings, and I won't attempt to describe them. Any man who has ever been "over the top" will understand just what I mean.

More than 90 Allied airplanes darted through the sky swinging around the enemy line, sending back information to our artillery and dropping death and destruction in all directions. The enemy's artillery and their airmen made frantic efforts to beat off the allied planes. They failed, and we boys on foot, firing round after round of "steel jackets," drove the opposing army back several kilometers.

Following this battle we had a brief rest, but late in September we were sent to the Flanders front with the British army, facing the Hindenburg line. This was at Bellecourt. The battle was much the same as the one in Belgium, except that we were facing the cream of the German army. All efforts to stop the advance of the huns had previously failed and Paris, although a good many miles away, was in danger.

On the night of September 28, 1918, our plans were made for an attack the next morning. Before daylight on the morning of the 29th our artillery laid down a perfect barrage and the two armies, British and American, began their advance. In the face of murderous fire we waded into that great German army and started them backwards. Every foot of ground we gained, however, was dearly paid for, as bodies of our comrades literally covered the earth.

Covered with blood and dirt, our clothes torn, and fighting for hours with no thought of food or rest, we carried out our plans and broke the Hindenburg line, forcing the Germans back several miles.

When the fighting has subsided a roll-call was held to learn each company's casualties. Oscar Scudder, of East Enterprise, had been killed during the battle. One of his comrades reported having seen him fall. Ermon Brown, of Patriot, was missing. He was in my company and not one of us remembered having seen

him after we had gotten into the thick of the fight. I believed him dead and was heartsick at the thought that two of the boys I trained with at Camp Taylor had given up their lives. You may imagine my surprise months later when I was in a New York hospital and ran squarely into Emory. He had been badly wounded, picked up by stretcher bearers and taken to a camp hospital.

We had no rest following the battle of September 29th and on October 8th and again on October 17th took part in the battles at Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Like the previous battles, these were fought in the same manner and with the same results. Preceded by artillery fire, scores of airplanes in the sky, and tanks crawling along like fabled monsters, their guns mowing lanes through the German columns, we continually advanced, but each minute brought its share of casualties to the Allies.

On the morning of October 17th, the last drive in which I participated was started. The Germans were on the opposite side of a river from us. In the face of a murderous fire the engineers bridged the stream and the doughboys charged across. German artillery had the range and explosive shells were dropping all around us.

The horrible looking tanks succeeded in crossing the river and made straight at the German line. The din of battle became one continuous roar. I was advancing a few feet behind a tank, my gun spitting "steel jackets" into the German horde.

And then I fell.

A piece of high explosive shell had got me. A fountain of blood spurted from my right arm and in the first moment of my injury I realized the artery had been severed. I tried to arise on my feet but fell back on the ground. Ten feet from me another shell hit and threw up tons of earth. Wriggling along on my stomach I crawled into the hole to die.

Another one of the boys who had fallen close beside me, saw me crawling into the hole. Although badly wounded himself, he crawled to me and examined my wound. He took the string off my gas mask and tied it tight about my arm, stopping the flow of blood. For hours I laid there, weak from loss of blood, but still conscious. I saw scores of tanks and thousands of American troops cross the stream and wade into the Germans.

A few feet to one side of me a big American tank was crawling steadily toward the Germans' line, her gunner pumping a continuous stream of leaden hail into the huns. I marveled at the bravery of the occupants of that tank, and then right before my eyes a monster shell struck the tank squarely and it was blown to pieces.

Overhead our airplanes kept up their good work. I saw an allied plane dash after a hun and lying on my back I watched the battle. They maneuvered for position, the hun was outwitted and a bullet brought his plane crashing to the earth.

Far in the distance floated one of the Germans' observation balloons, but it was shot down in less time than it takes to tell it.

The huns, outclassed, fell back before the advance.

The army fought on out of my sight and the roar of battle gradually lessened as the fighting became further and further away. And then I saw doughboys coming to the rear with prisoners. One American soldier came close to where I was lying. At the point of a bayonet he was marching four German prisoners to the rear. He caught sight of me, saw that I lived, and ordered the prioners to pick me up. And thus I was carried back to the first aid station.

Army surgeons who were specialists in private life operated on my arm. At first they thought it would have to be amputated, but they decided to try an operation and see if they could save it. Following the operation I was taken to an English hospital. There I received the best of care and in December I was taken on board the Red Cross ship, Saxone, and landed at New York City on December 26, 1918.

I was at Debarkation Hospital No. 3 for fourteen days, and during my stay there ran on to Ermon Brown, of Patriot. I was sent to General Hospital 25, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind., on January 12, 1919.

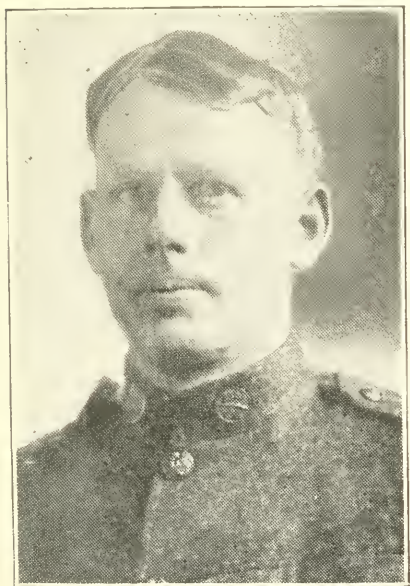
After a person has read this account of my service in France he, no doubt, will ask himself the question if I ever killed any German soldiers. And I can't tell him. Suffice it to say that I fired hundreds of "steel jackets" at the boches and I hurled my share of hand grenades into their midst. I honestly don't know if I killed a German outright, but if I didn't get my share of them, then there undoubtedly was something wrong with Uncle Sam's ammunition.



OSCAR SCUDDER



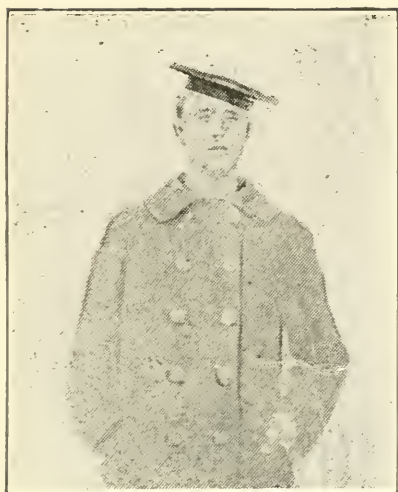
HENRY MOREILLON



CHARLES L. KENT



D. W. DODD



LEE VANNATTER



REX NOBLE



BERT STAPLETON



EDDIE BURMAN

Chapter XXV

ERMON BROWN CAPTURES GERMAN CAPTAIN AND TEN PRIVATES

There is no use in telling over and over again the humdrum life I spent in United States army camps, so I will begin my story on May 11, 1918, the day on which we embarked from New York to take our places alongside the armies of the Allies.

In the spring of 1918 American people did not know that American brains had practically solved the submarine problem, and when several thousand of us went aboard the big transport which carried us to England we, too, were unaware of it.

Hundreds of the soldiers were seasick for several days, and judging from appearances it must have been a terrible feeling. I guess at that time if a sub. had popped up alongside of us those seasick boys would hardly have paid much attention to it. Those first few days on board were the hardest, but at frequent intervals our band played and this livened us up to a great extent.

Finally the day arrived when we were told that we were in the submarine zone and that our chasers would soon be with us to conduct us safely across. We watched with anxious eyes until the following morning just at daybreak we saw in the distance the signals and soon we counted several chasers that had come to escort us across the danger zone.

While crossing this zone during the night two submarines attacked us, but their torpedoes went wild and instantly the chasers, running around like mad things, began dropping depth bombs. We were very much excited and really didn't know what the commotion was until our Lieutenant and the ship's captain told us to rest easy, that it was only the depth bombs.

On another occasion at midnight we were lost from the other ships in the convoy and were in suspense until morning when we ran into a place called "Devil's Hole." The ship began whirling round and round like a stick in a whirlpool, and we learned the rudder was broken. Huge waves broke over her bow and flooded the decks. The situation looked terrible and the boys were fearful that the ship was going to sink. Finally the ship was straightened out, however, and at noon of that day we caught up with the battle cruiser and fell into line.

Naturally, after escaping from what we had feared meant disaster, we were feeling fine and the band boys began playing their liveliest airs. As the noise of the music floated out over the water a ship in front of us signaled back, "If you fellows want to see land you had better stop that damned band." From that moment on the remainder of the voyage was uneventful and on the 27th day of May we landed at Dover.

From there we crossed the English Channel on a light cruiser, landing at Calais, and it was there that we experienced our first bombarding. We took training from British officers who had gained their experience at the front, and our outfit was attached to the British army.

In my company from Switzerland county were Leslie Byram and Uly Butters. In the same regiment but in other companies were Charlie Griswold, Edward L. Means and a number of others.

After being attached to the British army we hiked into Belgium, marching always at night and resting in the day in barns and tents. Thus we saw very few of the inhabitants. Very seldom did I see a woman as we marched through that ruined country. Belgium was so full of spies that we were hardly allowed to talk to our own men.

We finally reached the front and for several days were stationed just back of the lines. Our work then consisted of patrolling, trench warfare and bayonet practice.

As soon as our officers thought we were fit we relieved the Scots Division, took our place in the front lines and held the place for several days.

Out in front of our lines two of our observation balloons were floating high in the sky one day when a German airplane swooped down suddenly upon them. The Intelligence Officers jumped for safety, coming to earth on parachutes, and in no time at all the airman had fired bullets into the balloons set them on fire so that they collapsed almost instantly, and then had returned safely to his own line.

We experienced little activity on this front and had begun to think that the front lines were not as bad as they had been pictured. And then, about the time such thoughts as those were forming in my mind we were relieved and sent into support. Then and there we found out what activity meant; the deadliness of the German high explosive shells and how the barrage worked. The jerrys sure did put over some hot steel on us, but there was never a time when our artillery didn't send back ten shells to jerry's one. When the shelling became heavier than any we had yet experienced my sergeant and a private were killed and several of the boys in our company were wounded. I helped carry the boys back to the first aid and gained my first knowledge of stretcher bearing.

We held our positions for twelve or fourteen days, then were sent back to a rest camp. Later we were sent into support of the front line several times, and on these occasions we built barbed wire entanglements in front of the lines.

During this period our cook wagon was as near us as it could get on account of the shelling. The huns probably knew from experience that a soldier must eat or he can't fight, so they continually tried to destroy our kitchens. Long range guns tried for those cook wagons all the time. One day our cooks told us if we would pick some Belgium beans they would cook them for us. Belgium beans! Heavens, what a treat! And how us boys picked beans. But the cooks didn't have any salt and those beans, while they filled, were not so desirable after all.

E. BROWN CAPTURES GERMAN CAPTAIN AND 10 PRIVATES 99

We were called back to the front lines and the sergeant, one corporal, two privates and myself were selected for duty between the lines. Our officers wanted information as to the location of machine guns, trench mortars, etc.

Our commander called us before him and instructed us not to fire a gun unless it became absolutely necessary. And then, when darkness had settled over the earth like a blanket, the dense blackness broken occasionally by rockets and bursting shells, we left our line and crawled out into No Man's Land. We made our way safely to a shell hole and very carefully camouflaged the hole with railroad ties. Then for six days and six nights we laid hour after hour in that hole watching, watching, watching.

What few words spoken were said in whispers. Each night our comrades crawled to us with food and water. Before those six days and nights were up it seemed to me like I had been lying in that hole for fifty years. But finally our work brought results. From its place of concealment we located one of the hun's trench mortars which had snuffed out the lives of many of our men. We signaled the exact location to our artillery, a barrage was sent over and the mortar and the soldiers near it were blown to pieces.

In addition to bringing satisfactory results our six days spent in No Man's Land brought us some undesirable company. Some lousy hun had been in that shell hole before us and when we came out of it and went back to a rest camp we were accompanied by some two or three million cooties, and those little devils didn't give us any chance to forget them either.

After that I tried hard to avoid those shell holes and unoccupied trenches, for Jerry had left them filled with lice, but at times the bursting shells and bullets were so thick that all of us had to seek safety in those places to keep from being hit.

We were taken from this front and sent south in box cars. An unofficial rumor spread among us that we were going to the American sector and joy filled our hearts.

We left the cars and, at six o'clock in the evening, we were ordered to pack our packs. Not knowing where we were going, but hoping it would not be far, we began hiking. We went two or three miles and were then crowded on motor trucks. We traveled until three the next morning and before we got out of the trucks we heard the report of guns and saw the glare of rockets and bursting shells.

Finally we stopped, unloaded, lined up and awaited orders. The commander said: "Boys, the Germans have been driven back from this place about fourteen days and the place is full of mines. Do not pick up anything and be careful how you walk." Take it from me, we sure stepped high, and none of us looked for souvenirs, either.

We went nearly two miles and then met with our kitchen again, and very shortly afterward we moved up closer to the line. We took our place in a thicket on a hillside, and were told that we were going over the top in a very short time.

Four bells was the hour set for us to go over. Three minutes before that hour the barrage was to be sent over. We crawled out of our line and formed a new one in front of the old one and there we remained perfectly still, waiting patiently on the barrage. During the night the tanks had worked in as close as possible. When the barrage finally went over the tanks crawled through our lines and got in front. As the barrage ceased over we went. In no time at all we had taken the Germans' front line trench. We caught them unprepared. They were without many guards, many of the soldiers did not have their weapons and as we swept in on them almost with one accord they held their hands up in the air and hollered "Kamerad."

My corporal and I came upon a German captain and ten privates. Like the rest of their comrades they threw up their hands. The captain began walking straight toward me, and as the German soldier is a mighty tricky cuss, when he got too near I prodded him with my bayonet and forced him to step back.

We indicated that they must throw their weapons and other things in a pile on the ground, and we also indicated to them that we were not going to hurt them. The captain had a fancy small pocket knife fastened to a chain, the chain in turn being fastened to a small medal at once end. He removed the knife from his clothing, placed it in his hand and held it out to me. I took it and put it in my pocket. I then indicated for him to hand me his field glasses and I hung them over my shoulder. He then took a wicked looking trench knife from his belt and threw it on the ground. I noticed a fancy colored cord fastened to his coat and I motioned for him to remove it. He pointed to it with his finger, looked at me and said "Keep." I nodded my head in assent. This seemed to please him and he stooped over, picked up his trench knife off the ground, put it in his hand with the handle pointing toward me and gave it to me.

The German forces had three lines. The front one was in a shallow trench, the second one was the famous Hindenburg line and the support line was behind it. The Hindenburg line was secure from shell fire, their trench being ten feet deep.

As daylight came on this morning of September 29th, it was very foggy and we could see only a short distance in front of us. After taking the first line we sent the prisoners to the rear and carried on in the usual way. Unable to see, soldiers got lost from their companies, but we kept on fighting, forging forward, step by step. By 11 o'clock the fog had raised and we were tearing our way through the Hindenburg line.

We then advanced by rushes and worked our way into the German support line. Their artillery was dropping shells into our midst and Americans and British were dying by the hundreds. I found myself lost from my company and fighting with some of the boys from one of the other outfits. A shell hit a tank in front of us and the commander ordered us to seek shelter.

When we went over the top that morning an Australian division had been ordered to come to that point and assist us, but they failed to arrive. After we had crashed through the Hindenburg line they still had not arrived. So now we were ordered to hold our present position until the Australians did show up.

I dropped into a shell hole with some other Yanks and after lying there a few minutes we noticed an old shed about 200 yards away on our left. The door of the shed had a small square opening large enough for a man's head to stick through and suddenly we discovered that some huns in the shed were signaling our position to their artillery, using a white rag. With the glasses I had captured earlier in the day I could see a face now and then at the square hole in the door. I told the boys and we began popping away at that hole. Our fire became so heavy that two of the huns risked a shot in the open by running from the house and making their escape.

The Australians came up about noon, and a few minutes before we were ordered to charge my platoon commander, Lieut. Hill, came along going to the first aid. I knew my company was somewhere on the right, but did not know where, so I asked him if I had better get back to the company. He was badly wounded but he smiled and said, "No, our boys are getting along all right over there, so stay here with these men."

Two hours after the Australians arrived we went over the top again. At first we had a tank with us but it was called to our right. We fought our way across an open field, then through a strip of woods, over another trench and then into an open field again.

The Germans had retreated beyond the field into a strip of woods and were popping away at us with machine guns. Three of us dropped into a shell hole and we had been there but a few minutes when a bullet struck the man on my left squarely in the temple killing him instantly. The soldier on my right had a machine gun and he asked me if I would carry the magazine for him. I did so, and we came out of the hole charging straight at the strip of woods which concealed the Germans.

We hadn't gone twenty steps when the man carrying the machine gun was felled by a bullet. I kept on and in less than twenty steps more a bullet knocked me down. I had been shot through the fleshy part of the left leg and after I crawled into a shell hole and examined myself I found the wound didn't amount to much and there was scarcely enough pain to notice it. So I left the shell hole and caught up with a sergeant.

In a few moments we noticed some Germans concealed over on our left, popping away with a machine gun. He asked me to take word to the captain who was over on the right. About the time I got to the officer he and a couple of privates dropped into a shell hole. I followed them in and delivered the message sent by the sergeant.

The captain had a machine gun and trained it on the spot where the Germans were concealed. Just as he was ready to begin operating the gun a bullet struck me in the left cheek, tearing out the teeth in my left jaw, slightly cutting my tongue, passing on through my mouth and going through my right jaw in front of the jaw hinge. As the bullet came out it brought a piece of the right jaw bone with it and broke the jaw so that it hung loose and I had no control over my mouth.

The captain dropped his gun, seized my first aid and dressed the wound as best he could. That was at four o'clock in the afternoon. He said, "Old fellow, you'd better lie here until night. If you try to make it back to the first aid now you'll be killed before you reach there. I'd like to send a man with you to help you but I just can't do it; we need every man we've got."

So I laid there until dark and then walked back to the first aid which was about half a mile away. Reaching there the wound in my face was dressed and I was told to walk on back to the field hospital which was three miles away. I finally reached the place and my wounds were carefully dressed. When I awoke in this hospital I noticed that while I was unconscious the field glasses I had taken from the German captain had been cut from the strap around my shoulders and I never saw them again.

I remained in the field hospital a few days and on October 5th was taken to Birmingham, England. There British doctors removed pieces of my broken jaw bone, straightened up the jaw and wired it in place, fastening it to my upper jaw so that I could move neither. I was then sent to Winchester, where gold tubes were fastened to my upper and lower teeth and little silver bars about an inch long were run through the tubes locking my jaws firmly together. They kept my jaws locked for several weeks and during that period soft foods were fed me through the hole in my left jaw where the teeth had been broken off by the bullet. Occasionally my jaws were unlocked and I finally could move them again.

In December, 1918, I left Winchester for Liverpool, remained there over night, and then went on board ship December 14th, arriving in New York December 23rd.

Chapter XXVI

WILLIAM BOWEN RAMS BAYONET THROUGH BOCHE

I was sent to Camp Taylor, Ky., May 28, 1918, remained there but a short time and was then sent to Camp Beauregard, La. Trained there for about two months and then entrained for Newport News, Va., from where we embarked for France. There is no use of repeating anything about our voyage. I was stationed in the cook house for a big part of the way across, and the meat we served was actually so rotten that it dropped from the bones. I don't see now how any man could have eaten it and remained alive.

We had been in France but a short time when George Platt and I volunteered for service in a replacement company. We left Co. K 153rd infantry and went into Co. F 128th Infantry, 32nd Division. Three days after we joined this outfit we started for the Argonne Forest. We went into reserve for several days, during which time we were constantly under shell fire, and we went into the front lines the latter part of September. Dead soldiers were lying everywhere. Bodies of men who had been dead only a few hours had already turned black, due I was told to having been gassed. The bodies were not always intact. Here and there would be an arm or a leg, or maybe the head and shoulders of a soldier. The sight was more terrible than any person can imagine.

The huns took a special delight in destroying our kitchen wagons. They were always on the watch for those kitchens and every time they caught sight of one they did all in their power to blow it up. Sometimes, too, a kitchen got lost in the woods and wouldn't find its company for several days, and during that time the company to which the kitchen belonged would be carrying on with empty stomachs. Platt and I went three days and three nights without a bite of food or a drop of water, and when food was finally sent us my share consisted of a can of corned willie and two boxes of hardtack, but, believe me, that hardtack tasted just as good as chocolate cake.

The food shortage was not always felt, however. On several occasions Platt and I begged flour from the adjoining company's kitchen and, in the day time when the light of a fire would not show, we started a small blaze, mixed our flour into batter and there, within a few yards of the hun lines, we fried batter cakes just as calmly as though we were on a camping trip.

One day our company came to a halt and hay for the horses was pitched into a big stack, with the horses picketed around it. The men moved on a short distance and a few minutes later a boche shell landed on the ground near the hay stack and blew the entire stack into the air like a balloon. The shell killed twelve or thirteen horses and if the men had remained there in the position we had occupied only a few minutes before, half of our company would have been wiped out.

I don't claim to be a hero, and I know it's the hardest thing on earth to be positive that you have killed a man in battle. You see, you may be aiming at a certain boche, pull the trigger and see him fall, but at the same time maybe three or four Yanks right next to you had shot at the fellow at the same time. However, I do know that I killed two Germans in the Argonne.

We were advancing slowly one day and I was in the rear ranks. I noticed two boches camouflaged in the under brush. It was a trick of theirs for a few huns to conceal themselves as the Americans advanced and let the Yanks get past them. Then from their concealment the huns fired into us from behind. A Yank would fall here and there but no one would know they had been shot from behind. Well, I saw those two birds lying concealed in the underbrush. I raised my rifle and pulled the trigger. One of them gave a lurch and laid still. The other jumped up and began running through the woods. I couldn't get a shot at him so I took out after him. He had gone but a short distance before I overtook him and rammed my bayonet through his body.

One time I saw three boche planes brought down by French and American flyers. One of the machines came down turning over and over, black smoke from the burning plane almost hiding it from view. The other two planes dropped straight to the earth.

On October 5th I had been fighting all day. About four o'clock in the afternoon the shelling became heavier than usual and a number of us took shelter against a bank. A high explosive shell exploded near us and the pieces of metal from the shell dropped nearly all of us. Four or five pieces struck my helmet and glanced off. Another chunk which weighed exactly an ounce hit me in the fleshy part of my right leg and passed almost through.

As soon as my comrades saw I was still alive they took my shelter tent from my pack, fastened it to two poles and four men started to the first aid with me. I guess I lost consciousness. Finally I partially regained my senses and I realized that the huns were shelling us unmercifully. The stretcher bearers knew it, too, for they laid me down in the middle of the road and beat it for a bank. I hollered, "I'll get killed yet if you guys don't get me out of this road," so then they ran over and picked me up, carrying me to shelter beneath the bank.

When the shelling died down a little they picked me up again and started once more for the first aid. This time they got lost but, after wandering around for several hours, they finally got me to the first aid at three o'clock in the morning.

The next night after my wound had been dressed, I was placed in an ambulance with three other wounded men and the driver started to Base No. 52. A boche plane got a line on us and began dropping bombs on the road. I heard the bombs explode a little to one side of us and I just gave up hope. Each second I thought would be my last. But the airman lost us in the darkness and his bombs began falling in a hollow off the road quite a distance. We arrived at Base 52 at daybreak without accident. I was there a month, then went to Base 20 and from there to Base 208. Was sent from there to Bordeaux and sailed February 11, 1919, arriving at New York February 27. I was sent to the hospital at West Baden, Ind., and after my wound had entirely healed, was discharged on April 16, 1919.

Chapter XXVII

LAWRENCE E. CHANDLER IN FIVE ENGAGEMENTS

I entered the service June 14, 1917, at Indianapolis. Was transferred from there to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where I was sworn in and received my equipment. Spent a week there and was transferred to Ft. Riley, Kans., where we were organized into Field Hospital No. 20. Remained there about six weeks and the company was divided, half remaining there while the others, including myself, were sent to Camp Travis where we were replaced by the men who were drafted.

After remaining there from August until October we received our first men and that was the starting of the 90th Division. In a short time we had a full company, No. 359 Field Hospital. We spent almost eleven months in that camp before we were ordered overseas. We left Camp Travis June 12, 1918, for Camp Mills, N. Y. After remaining there a short time we boarded an English vessel, the *Malita*, and after twelve days of zigzagging we pulled into Liverpool, England.

Transportation was awaiting us there and we boarded a train and went to Winchester, England, to a rest camp where we stayed about three days. Then we took the train again for South Hampton, where we were loaded on the transport, *Australian*, and started for "Sunny France." We landed at LaHavre, France, and made for another rest camp. We remained there three days and then in side-door Pullmans, 36 to 48 men in a car, we started for the front.

After riding for three days and nights, and covering about 200 miles, we went into a small village called Resey-sur-Ourc. There we were for almost three weeks, getting our full equipment and turning in all surplus. We left there in a motor truck convoy for the St. Mihiel salient, where we took part in the drive of September 12, 1918. After giving them a good flogging there and holding the lines until in October we were ordered into the Argonne where we were when the armistice was signed. The trip from St. Mihiel to the Argonne was made at night in motor trucks.

The following brief history shows the activities of the 90th Division, of which I was a member:

Arrived in France July 14, 1918.

Activities—Sazerais, Hayes, Puvenelle, August 24 to October 10.

St. Mihiel, September 12-15.

Demonstration at beginning of Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 19 to November 11.

Prisoners captured—32 officers, 1,844 enlisted men.

Guns captured—42 pieces of artillery, 230 machine guns.

Advance on front line, $28\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers.

On October 19, 1918, we had a little air raid that put my ears on the bum, but I never reported to the hospital until November 19th, and after spending five months there was sent to the States as a casual.

My division was one of the first chosen for the army of occupation, and was stationed on the Rhine until the 18th of May, 1919. They landed in the States June 7th, and my company was just the same as when it left. No one was missing.

Chapter XXVIII

D. W. DODD ON TORPEDOED SHIP

I enlisted at Louisville on May 1, 1917, where I had been attending medical college, and was sent to Norfolk, Va., for the necessary training. I was finally assigned to the U. S. S. Mt. Vernon, and made my first voyage to France in May, 1918. We were not gone long, although to me it seemed like an age because it was my first time at sea. The Mt. Vernon was one of the fastest ships in the transport service and that was quite an asset when going through the war zone. It sure was a peculiar sensation to be out in mid-ocean with several thousand troops on board and not knowing at what minute the vessel might be "plugged" by a sub. And it was a thrilling sight to me, after being at sea six days, to see spring up from the horizon as if by magic, a convoy of five or six destroyers to escort us through the danger zone. I felt a sense of security with those little men of war dashing about, first forward, then aft and alongside the ship. They showed unusual activity on that trip because 12 submarines had been sighted near Brest, the harbor we were to enter, and two of the subs had been captured by destroyers the day previous.

We got in without mishap, delivered our soldiers to France and started on our return trip, after remaining at Brest two days. The destroyers remained with us until we were through the danger zone, then we were cast upon our own resources. When about half-way across the ocean we began to get reports of submarines in home waters and a close lookout was maintained. We sighted a sub at 2 a. m. on our last day at sea, but reached port safely.

Our ship coaled up and in a short time went to Brest with another lot of soldiers. After they were discharged, wounded soldiers and marines were placed on our vessel to be brought back to American hospitals. The first wounded I attended were two eighteen-year-old boys. They were marines and each had lost his right arm at the shoulder. Three other young men on shipboard at the same time had each lost a leg.

On my first trip to France I talked to several persons in Brest. The French were downhearted and they insisted that the war would last five years, and that even then the end would come only by treaty and not by a victory over the enemy. Their idea was that the French and British had been unable to defeat the Germans, and that there was no use for the Americans to try it. On my third trip to Brest those same people were jubilant, and on account of the wonderful American victories they were of the opinion that the huns would be defeated by Christmas. In all my trips to France, I never knew of any Switzerland county man being on board except one. That was on our third voyage in the month of

July. The ship was leaving America. For hours soldiers remained on deck watching the fading shore line. At 8 p. m. all lights on the ship were turned out, the vessel being left in total darkness. A few minutes later I heard a peculiar drawling voice on a lower deck, complaining that he couldn't find his blanket-blank bunk. The voice sounded familiar so I went below and, approaching the peeved soldier, recognized him as Walter Green. We carried 5,000 troops across on that voyage and on our return trip we sighted a periscope. Almost immediately U. S. Destroyers dashed madly toward the spot dropping depth bombs. Nothing more was seen of the submarine.

During the latter part of August we carried another lot of soldiers to France and when we started back to America we had a large number of wounded men on board. On the morning of September 5th, I was medical officer of the day and was sleeping in the sick bay, as was customary when we had a large number of wounded. It was 7:40 a. m. when all of a sudden our starboard guns blazed away and it seemed that they jarred the ship more than usual. I jumped out of bed to see what the commotion was about and had just about got dressed when there came a deadly explosion, which hurled all of us sprawling to the deck and jammed us up against the bulkhead. All of this was accompanied with the sound of smashing glass and falling timbers, and it seemed like the vessel raised ten feet out of the water. All hands realized immediately that a sub had got us and, each man shouldering a wounded man, we were prepared to abandon ship in seven minutes should it have been necessary. Five subs were in the fleet that attacked us. The shell that hit our vessel tore an awful hole in the hull and water poured in faster than our pumps could force it out. Thirty-six of our men were killed by the torpedo and some of the wounded patients were horribly burned. It fell to the hospital corps to do most of the searching for bodies and it was a grewsome task. It was a long anxious trip back to France as we had 225 miles to go. During the day the ship settled fifteen feet and toward evening began to list heavily on account of being so full of water. It was not until two o'clock the next morning that we arrived in port where the vessel was repaired.

During the remainder of the war our ship made several trips to France carrying troops, but we had no more encounters with submarines.

Chapter XXIX

ALLEN DAY ON TRAIL OF THE BOCHE

I entered the service in the spring of 1918, being sent to Camp Forest, Ga. We trained only a few weeks and then sailed on July 6th, landing at Liverpool, England, July 18th. We crossed England and went to France on July 25th.

On September 12th, in a downpour of rain, we hiked eleven hours straight, carrying full pack, and went into the trenches. Our company was the first in the 51st Infantry to get a boche, and we got him right after we took over the trenches. A part of our division lost a good many men but our company didn't lose a single man and only three of our boys were wounded.

After we came from the trenches we were allowed a few days' rest and then started for the Argonne in reserve. We didn't get into action there for we couldn't keep up with the boches. Only one of our regiments went into battle formation and they didn't even get sight of a hun.

The division we were in reserve for was after them in trucks and our hiking 6th Division came along a few kilometers behind. If the war had lasted only a few days longer we would have got to show the huns what we could do.

The 6th Division had a reputation as an open warfare division. I, K, L, and M Companies of the 51st Infantry won the First Army championship for being best on maneuvers. In April, 1919, we were sent into Germany for a short time and returned to the States in June, 1919.

Chapter XXX

JAMES GRAMMER OAKLEY SAVED BY RED CROSS WORKERS

Early in 1917 we were received in France with open arms, and during our training period we were royally entertained. In a few months, however, the good times became only memories and we settled down to clean up the boche. I was made a sharpshooter with the 26th Infantry. It seems like we just went from one front to another in 1917, and on every occasion we drove the Germans back.

In the early part of June, 1918, we were having a harder battle than usual, it seemed, when the Germans gassed us. I was taken unawares and dropped. Red Cross workers found me lying unconscious, face down in the mud. When I came from my dreams I was in a French hospital. The gas had settled in my eyes and lungs. The treatment I received was splendid and after four days I was able to expose my eyes to the light. When I was some stronger I was removed to an American hospital, and it was sure good to have a real American nurse to talk to me.

I was in this hospital three weeks and then was sent to another American hospital. There I began to talk in my natural tone of voice and improved steadily for a time. Finally I was removed from the hospital and was sent to St. Agnan, where it was found my eyes and lungs were in a bad condition. I had the choice of hoeing potatoes and drilling or remaining in the office of the classification camp. Not being a farmer, and believing I had had enough drilling, I chose the latter. My lungs were in such bad shape that during the succeeding months it was impossible for me to get back on the firing line.

Chapter XXXI

J. KIRBY DANGLADE SERVES WITH FRENCH ARMY

I enlisted May 19, 1917, at Cincinnati. Went to Camp Sherman, Ohio, and was placed in a motor truck company. Remained there until the first of December, 1917, when I was sent to Camp Merritt, N. J. We left there January 11, 1918, and landed at St. Nazaire, France, on January 27th.

We were sent immediately to Pont St. Maxence, where we were split up and assigned to the French army. All of the young men in France were on the firing line and the French officers wanted their old men to learn to drive trucks. Twelve of us sergeants were transferred then as guides and instructors.

The first place we went to was Soissons, where we took part in the second battle of the Somme which started on March 21, 1918. The drive lasted until April 26th. The Germans broke through the French line and drove us back through Soissons to a point near Meaux. General Foch, in an effort to check the drive, ordered the trucks to bring up the old French regulars. We did so and after a terrible battle the drive was checked. To give one an idea of how fast the Germans were driving the French in this battle I will relate a little incident: One night we fellows with the trucks hauled 300 machine guns up to the first line and thirty minutes after we had delivered them the boches had demolished every one of the guns by shell fire.

After this drive had been checked the Germans broke through the French line down on the Aisne, on the Chemin des Dames (Ladies' Road), northeast of Rheims, and we hurried there on May 27th. On this front we hauled machine guns and ammunition night and day until June 5th. The Germans used an immense quantity of chlorine gas, a whiff of which would knock a man flat on the ground, and they drove us back to a point near Soissons, where the drive was finally checked.

The Germans were trying for the towns of Montdidier and Noyon, and on June 9th we were again rushed into a defensive there. I was attached to the French Blue Devils, and the Germans simply whipped hides out of us. The Blue Devils wore dark blue uniforms and the men could be easily seen by the huns, who dropped box barrages around them. The barrages then gradually closed in and the French were killed like rats in a trap. This drive was finally checked on June 13, 1918. We remained in our positions and the French, worn out and all but defeated, fought desperately to hold the line.

The first of July the Germans tried to get to Chalons where they hoped to establish a base for supplies. They broke through on the Marne river on the Champagne sector and we were sent there on July 15th. This was the second

battle of the Marne. The French would succeed in checking the drive at one point and almost instantly the Germans would break through some place else. On July 18th we checked the drive and started the enemy backward.

This was known as the Aisne-Marne offensive, the first offensive I had been in since reaching France.

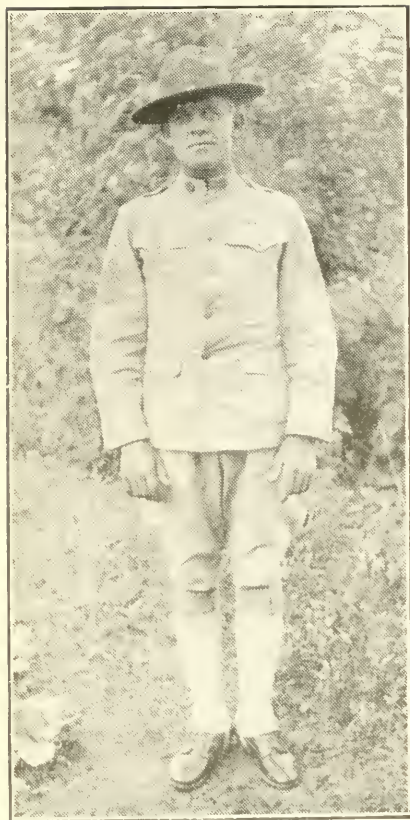
The French drove the Germans back so fast that quite frequently we would get to the authorized place of unloading and after arriving there, get orders to go on further up the line. Prisoners under strong guard constantly passed us on their way back from the front, and right here I want to explode that theory of the Prussian "infant in arms." From magazines I received occasionally, I learned that the people in the United States had the impression that the German soldiers were all young boys yet in their teens. In reality they were about as bloodthirsty looking a crew as one would care to meet up with. Of course there were quite a number of young chaps in the lot, but as for the German infant, in monstrous boots, his baby blue eyes gazing dumbly at one as he trudged along, his spirit cowed and broken, ready to cry "kamarad" at the first sight of an Allied soldier, I never saw him all during the war.

The rapid advance of the Allies played havoc with the Germans and at no time were they able to maintain their positions. Dead horses and dead Germans were everywhere, and in one or two instances we were forced to detour off the roads in order to keep from crushing the dead bodies.

During this drive I went over to an advanced dressing station the enemy had used. It must have been 1500 yards back of their first lines. Seven hours before the boches had been swarming around there. When I arrived there were eight dead Germans lying about. It looked as though the whole bunch had stopped and tried to argue with a French 75. They ought to have known better for those little guns didn't cherish any love for the boche and from this time on whenever they were pointed his way Fritz lost. The Aisne-Marne offensive continued until August 6th when there was a lull.

Two days later we had moved our trucks to the Somme sector where we were thrown in to help the British make their great drive which started on August 8th and continued until September 17, 1918. It was hard going, the roads were seas of mud and the bridges we had to cross were flimsy affairs. One day I saw a \$10,000 truck containing \$8,000 worth of ammunition, go through a bridge. No effort was made to get the truck out. Soldiers simply laid another bridge over the truck and we went on.

From the Somme we went to the Oise-Aisne offensive on September 18th. American soldiers were there but I didn't get to see any of them. The Yanks pushed so fast that the French couldn't keep up with them and French soldiers were fearful the Americans would be cut off by the Germans. I was in this drive until September 29th when our trucks were ordered into the Meuse-Argonne offensive. We got there on October 1st and were still pushing our way forward on November 11th when the armistice was signed.



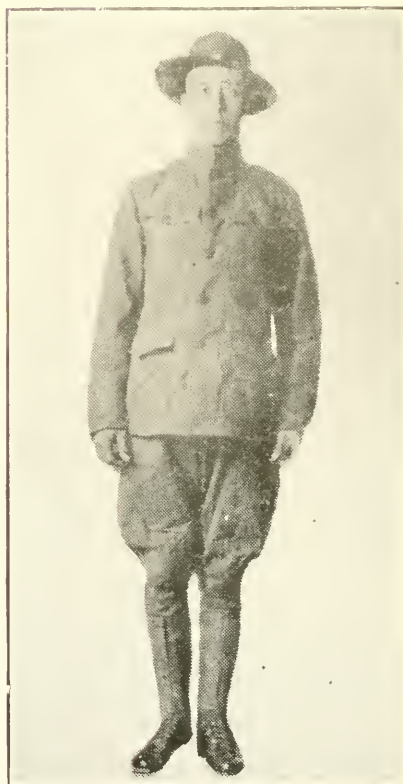
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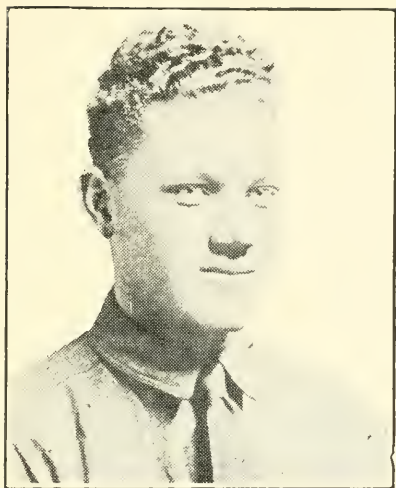
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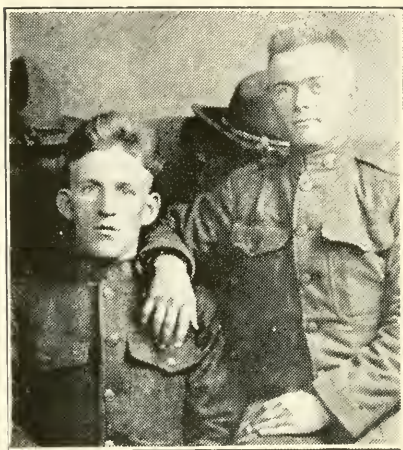
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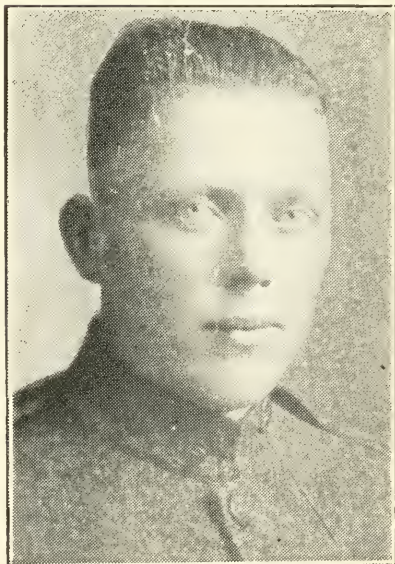
CALVIN THOMPKINS



COLEEN V. SCOTT
LOOMIS WILSON



MISS LULU SHANAHAN



HERBERT M. SIGMON

The American soldiers with the French were not numerous, especially the particular bunch I was with, and we were easily recognized. If one could get a picture of a long line of monster trucks tramping along the road in single file, helmets, gas masks and rifles clanging and banging, and on the seats young chaps covered with dust, tired no doubt, but who in all probability hadn't had a night's sleep in weeks, then one would get a fairly accurate description of the 408th Motor Supply Train of the French army.

The Red Cross did a wonderful work in France and a Y. M. C. A. man was always attached to our outfit. No matter how dangerous, wherever a bunch of soldiers were, there you would find the man with a little red triangle on his arm, looking after the boys in any way he could. Sometimes he had a little store where he kept knickknacks that a soldier couldn't very well do without. And a great many times the Y man attached to us followed our convoy with his little "tin lizzie" full of chocolate, cigars and cigarettes which he dispensed with a lavish hand.

Chapter XXXII

HALSTEAD FERGUSON GOES THROUGH BATTLE BARE-HEADED

What I went through in the World War would make hell look like a playground. I was a member of the Marine Corps and was in all the big fighting in the summer of 1918.

At Belleau Wood we were outnumbered seven to one, but we sure made life miserable for the huns. I went through the battle bareheaded. I lost my helmet in the woods and after a short time I secured a German helmet. Then I was afraid to wear it for fear some Marine might shoot me for a German. Lots of Germans threw away their guns and ran. We picked them up and shot them down with their own weapons. Even yet, when I think of it, I feel like shaking hands with myself to know that I am still alive.

The Germans were so treacherous that wounded huns lying on the battlefield would rise up on their elbows and shoot down the Americans after we had passed over them. Well, such things as that occurred so frequently that we finally couldn't take any more chances. I came upon one wounded German soldier and, taking my pistol out, I told him I was going to kill him. He begged me not to saying, "You are young and I am young; we both want to live." I talked to another German lad who could speak English. I asked him how he liked the American way of fighting and he said we sure made it hot for them. He said his mother was English and she had told him if he ever had the chance to be captured by Americans that he would be treated good. We gave him water and something to eat, the first he had had in four days.

In July and August of 1918 I went over the top four times and all of my pals were killed or wounded. In some of the fighting it looked at times to be impossible for any human being to live through it. I saw brave men go raving mad right by my side and some times I thought I would surely go mad myself. I was in the big counter drive on the Marne and we sure ran them ragged there.

In my fifth trip over the top during the early part of September I was wounded in the arm but it wasn't bad and I went on through the battle. Some of the towns we captured had been in German hands for four years and the French people we liberated were sure glad to see us.

Chapter XXXIII

WALTER GREEN WOUNDED TWICE

Folks around Vevay used to think I was pretty awkward, and I guess I was, but in July, 1918, when I was fighting at Chateau-Thierry, don't you know I was about the liveliest awkward man you ever saw in your life.

After crossing the ocean we landed at Brest and were taken to shore in small boats. As we landed our band was playing, "We won't come back 'till it's over over there." We remained in camp at Brest about two weeks then went to camp about five miles from there. For beds we nailed planks alongside the barracks and used them for bunks.

Orders came for us to move and we hiked back to Brest in a downpour of rain and were loaded into box cars, 40 and 50 men in a car. We rode for two days and nights and had to stand up most of the time. We finally got off at Chateau-Thierry. This was in July. We left the train and hiked toward the front. The Germans were making a terrific drive and the French, having held them for several days, were worn out. Before we got to the front we were issued gas masks and helmets and I said to myself right then, "There is going to be something coming off."

The next night we went into the front lines and took positions right behind the French, who were about to give out. The U. S. Marines were on our left. Just before daylight we all went over the top together and I fought for two days before I was shot through the left arm with a machine gun bullet which knocked me down.

You folks all love the old flag, of course, but after a man has joined the army and has taken the oath, then he knows what the flag means to him. And when we faced the huns at Chateau-Thierry and bullets were killing our comrades all around us, the band began playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and, man, the whole American army would have chased the devil out of hell right then. We didn't care if we got killed; we didn't think of anything but the flag and those damn Germans.

There's an old saying among soldiers that a shell never hits twice in the same place, but I saw six doughboys lying in a shell hole popping away with their guns when a shell dropped on them and blew them to pieces. During the two days I fought at Chateau-Thierry I saw men have their heads blown off by shells while they were standing on their feet fighting. I saw arms and legs torn from men's bodies and I kept saying to myself, "Walter, your time is coming next."

After I was shot in the arm I went back to a first aid station and had the wound dressed. The bullet had passed through the flesh but had broken no

bones. I was sent to the hospital and remained there two weeks. At the end of that time I was sent back to my company and met them just as they were coming off the line. Out of the original 265 men in my company only 58 were left. The rest had been killed, captured or wounded.

We then went back into reserve in a little town called St. George and we were there about six weeks when we started for the Verdun front.

We started hiking at 10 o'clock one night, hiked all night and all the next day until about 5 o'clock in the evening. We had reached a woods and got an order then to lay over there until the next day.

I was awful hungry when we stopped.

We hadn't had anything to eat for a long time except corned willie and hard tack soaked in water, and we had even run out of water. We were about dead for water but we had orders to not drink any that came out of shell holes or other places on the ground, because the Germans had retreated from the place where we were, and there was no telling how much poison and stuff they had placed in the water. Finally we couldn't stand it any more, so we dipped up water during the night, boiled it, then let it cool and drank it.

The Germans shelled the woods all the time we were in it, and the next day their airplanes came over and dropped bombs on us and shot at us with machine guns. My partner and I were lying in our pup tent when a shell hit near killing three men, and a piece of it passed through our tent, just over the top of where we were sleeping, and passed on through two more tents on the other side of us.

The morning of the second day we were ordered to pack up and leave. We hiked into the Verdun front at 11 o'clock in the morning. While we were marching to the front seven German airplanes came over and attacked us. They came so close firing their machine guns that the whole regiment got to firing at them with Springfield rifles and, by George, we brought down two of them. I could hear the bullets splattering all around my feet, and that's one time I wasn't awkward.

Companies were ordered to form into two lines, the men ten feet apart, on account of the terrific machine gun fire and the bombs, so that too many would not be killed at once.

The Verdun front was a lot of little hills and valleys. We took our places in the line and held them until the next morning at six o'clock when we went over the top. It was pretty stiff fighting but we drove the huns back about a mile and a half. While we were advancing my corporal was killed. Six machine gun bullets had passed through his body.

I had been in the fight four days and on the fourth day the Germans began shooting mustard gas at us. This was on September 5. I heard the gas alarm and put my mask on, and then I saw it had a bullet hole plumb through it. I began breathing that stuff and it made me sick, and I knew it was all off with

Walter. I looked at my watch and saw that it was exactly 10 minutes until 10 o'clock and that's the last I knew. I found out later that I was picked up at 8 o'clock the next morning.

They took me to the first aid and laid me down to wait until they could tend to me. The Germans were sending over a heavy fire, and while I was lying there a piece of shrapnel hit me in the left foot.

I was sent back to a field hospital, was there about a month, then was taken to another hospital. They sent me to Paris then and I was there about two weeks before they sent me to Brest. I was in Paris when the armistice was signed.

During the time I was over there I was sent into Belgium and into the Argonne Forest, but didn't do any fighting. While in Belgium, though, I saw three train loads of girls who hadbeen ravished by German soldiers and who were about to become mothers. They were being taken to a French city to be taken care of.

Chapter XXXIV

VERE GRAHAM SLEEPS WITH DEAD FRENCHMAN

I enlisted in the Marine Corps at Indianapolis, May 7, 1918. Went to Paris Island, S. C., where I had eight weeks' of hard training, then to Utica, N.Y., for four weeks with a machine gun crew. From there I was sent to Quantico, Va., where I had a few days work in bayonet drills, and prepared to go over sea. I sailed about the first of August, 1918, and landed at Brest about the middle of the month. Did stevedore work there for about a week unloading the ship.

When our work at Brest was finished we were sent to a training camp at St. Agnon, where we got our helmets and gas masks, then we were loaded in box cars. Those cars are about the size of an ordinary truck and about forty men were placed in each car. Being so crowded we were compelled to stand all the time, and we traveled thus for three days. Leaving the cars we traveled all of one night in a downpour of rain, to a woods back of St. Mihiel where we joined the 79th Company, 6th Regiment of U. S. Marines.

We went into battle at St. Mihiel on September 12th. Our barrage was sent over at one o'clock in the morning and it was said to be the greatest barrage thrown over in any battle of the war. The barrage lasted until five o'clock in the morning, during which time we were being placed in position in front of the guns ready to attack.

At five o'clock we went over the top. The barrage had driven the huns out of their trenches and we crossed them and then went on after the boches through woods and over a hill. We captured several towns, the principal one being Thiecourt, where we freed many French prisoners who had been captives of the germans for four years. We killed and captured hundreds of Germans and our outfit lost a very few men. We made the prisoners all throw their helmets on the ground; those helmets were all striped with paint and after the prisoners had been taken away their helmets made the ground look like a patch of watermelons as much as anything I can think of. Before the fight was over we had been a long time without food and we helped ourselves out of the packs of dead Germans and also drank the coffee out of their canteens.

We formed a line in front of Thiecourt and the next morning an advance guard drove the huns back still further. On Sunday morning, either the 15th or 16th of September, we attacked again. Our battalion, the Second, was cut off from the rest of the army and for a time it looked as though every man of us would be killed. We couldn't get any support from our artillery or from the air planes. The german artillery dropped a "box barrage" around us which penned us in and we were caught like rats in a trap. The barrage slowly closed in on us,

but about day break the next morning, when all hope seemed gone, another outfit fought their way to us and following our escape we went back to Thiecourt where we rested all day.

When night came we marched to the rear and went back near Toul where we were in training for one week.

The bread we got over there was mostly made by the French. It was made in large, round rolls with crust all over it, and it was waterproof. You could lay a roll of that bread out in the rain for a week and it would be just as good as it was when first baked. Lots of times when we were ready to attack fellows would run a string through a roll of that bread and hang it over their backs. Very likely that would be all we would have to eat for several days.

One dark, rainy night we were loaded on box cars and shipped to Chalons. We were there three days and then French Chambiums took us up to within ten kilometers of the Champagne front in support of the French fourth army.

When we reached this place I learned that the outfit my brother Roscoe was in, had just arrived, and I hunted him up. We spent half a day together and that was the only time I saw him while in France.

The French had been trying to take this place for five days and the fields and trenches were blue with the bodies of their dead. The Germans had used lots of gas and the bodies were all horribly swollen and had turned black.

Three different times the French went over the top and failed to break the German line, and then we were ordered in to take their places, the French being moved over to one end of the line. This was on October 1st. We had a hard fight and lost lots of men but we drove the huns back and took Blanc Mount. Probably the chief cause of our heavy loss of men was the failure of the French to hold up their end of the line. For three days they lagged behind and German snipe shooters picked our men off at will.

While advancing at Mont Blanc a dead german was lying in front of me. I took a watch from his clothing and found it was still running. The watch is one of the finest I ever saw and I still have it in my possession.

We fought here for eight days and nights. When we started into the scrap we knew we had a hard job ahead of us. Each man filled his belt, put as many hand grenades in his pockets as they would hold and then we threw our blankets, clothing and nearly everything else away. The nights were bitter cold and we would almost freeze. While in this drive one night I found myself in a sort of a hole in the ground and a dead Frenchman was lying in the hole his blanket partly covering him. I couldn't get the body out and I couldn't release the blanket. Well, it was a case of freezing or having a dead Frenchman for a bed fellow, and without very much hesitation I lifted the free end of the blanket and crawled in beside the cold body. I slept beside that corpse all during the night and part of the next day.

We fought here for eight days continuously and on October 8th I was wounded when a shell burst within a few feet of the spot where I was lying in a trench, just before we were to have attacked again.

Five of us were lying in a kind of a dugout in the trench. A shell made a direct hit killing the four boys in front of me, and pieces of the shell entered my right fore-arm, right hand, left wrist and forehead. I was unconscious about an hour and a half and when I came to I arose to my feet and walked back two kilometers to the first aid station. I was taken from there to Field Hospital No. 5 and was operated on the same night. I was then placed on a Red Cross train and taken to the Meves-Bulcy hospital, which was Base 50.

I remained there about two weeks and then was sent to Base 89 of the same hospital. The last of February I was sent to St. Agnon and from there to Mare, where I remained about a month. I then went to southern France in a box car, passing through a very beautiful country, to Marseilles where I remained until I sailed for America about the middle of April, 1919. I landed in New York April 31st and was sent to Quantico, Va., where I got my discharge.

Chapter XXXV

HUBERT HAMILTON WITH BRITISH IN BELGIUM

I went from Vevay to Camp Taylor, Ky., on October 5, 1917, and trained there throughout the winter. Was sent to Camp Sevier, S. C., March 29, 1918, and after remaining there about a month was sent to Camp Merritt, N. J. Eight days later our outfit went to Boston where we sailed on the Australian ship, *Miltiades*. We were nineteen days going over, landing on June 5th at Gravesend, England. We went to Calais, France, right away and got gas instruction. Then we went to another training camp about 25 miles back of the front, and all the time we remained there we could hear the rumble of the barrage.

On July 12th we marched into Belgium and that was my first time under fire. At noon of that day we went over the top and drove the huns out of Kemmel Hill. It really wasn't very much of a scrap because we had the germans on the run in a very short time. We remained in Belgium for a month and during our stay in that country it was no uncommon sight to see women and children with their hands or fingers cut off.

While in Belgium I didn't do very much real fighting myself. There were about eighteen guides in a division and I was one of them. It was my duty to familiarize myself with the country by maps and other means and then whenever there was an attack I had to lead certain companies to their positions on the line.

We came out of Belgium the latter part of August and were taken in box cars to the Somme front between Cambrai and St. Quentin. After a short period in a rest camp we went back to the front on September 27th and went over the top on the morning of September 29th. The Cambrai Tunnel which we captured was all electric lighted and equipped with many modern conveniences. The tunnel was seven and one-half miles long.

Before this battle we had often heard that the huns ground up the bodies of their dead soldiers, but none of us could believe it. When we captured the tunnel, however, we also took their "Hospital Ship," which was the place where dead huns were ground up and certain elements of their bodies made into high explosive shells. I saw the ground up bodies in that machine myself and also saw two great piles of dead Germans stacked up near the "Hospital Ship." We fought here for three days, then went to a rest camp for two days and then back to the same sector.

We went over the top every night and morning from then until October 9th. That date we were advancing when a shell dropped just behind me, having passed over my head about two feet. Before I could fall to the ground a piece of shrapnel struck my shoulder. My comrades saw me whirl around four or five times and

then fall. When I came to our Lieutenant was holding to me and he sent me back to the first aid by Herbert Neal, who afterward died of pneumonia.

I was in the hospital several weeks, recovered and then joined my company in a rest camp. We got orders to march on Metz on November 11th, but just before the orders were put into effect the armistice was signed.

I left France April 1st and landed at Charleston, S. C., April 13th. Was discharged April 24, 1919.

Chapter XXXVI

SAM HUFF SERVES WITH MEDICAL CORPS

Well, this last time I enlisted in 1914 and was in the medical department at Ft. Strong, Mass., when war was declared. We were organized into the 55th regiment and sailed for France March 5, 1913, on the Mauritania.

Germany had been making her brags that they were going to send the Mauritania down right on top of the Lusitania, so during the six and one-half days it took us to cross a very careful watch was kept for subs. Five were sighted but the ship's crew didn't get a shot at them.

We landed at Liverpool and left there the next day for Ramsey, England. Was there a week and then crossed the English Channel, going to France. We were loaded into side-door Pullmans and traveled for six days and nights until we got to Claremont, France. We trained there until July 1, 1919, and then went into the second battle of the Marne on July 16. We fought continuously until September 23rd, driving the enemy through Chateau-Thierry to the Vesle river.

After a rest we moved to the Meuse-Argonne offensive, reaching the Argonne October 20th. We were in this battle until the armistice was signed.

All medical men who wore their insignia on their sleeves, were special targets for the huns. It was said that the germans would rather get one medical man than half a dozen from any other outfit, because a shortage of medical men would let our wounded boys die for lack of attention. Well, a whole lot of fellows in our outfit took the insignia from their sleeves and began toting a big revolver.

My first time under fire was at the second battle of the Marne. We were stationed in an old chateau. The Germans shelled us and their snipe shooters shot at us. They made things so hot that the Colonel finally said: "We'll have to get those snipe shooters." Six men were sent out and I was sent with them to care for any who might be injured. We scouted around all day, but didn't find them. We were returning to our outfit when a german machine gun opened up just in front of us; they hadn't heard us coming. There were two huns working the gun. All seven of us Yanks drew our guns and fired, and both the snipers fell dead. That's where I got the helmet I sent my father.

On my third day on the Marne a big air battle was fought within our sight. Six planes, four boche and two English were shot down before the germans were defeated.

While we were in the Marne, fritz, the bomber, came over every night about 11 o'clock and again about 3 in the morning. About the fourth night he came over he dropped a bomb, making a complete hit on Battery 1, killing eight of the boys and wounding four, and putting the whole gun crew out of commission.

The shelling from German guns became so heavy one night that our outpost wire was cut in 43 places, and in this particular instance our guns each fired back 250 rounds.

One of our observation planes was shot down by a boche plane one day. Another boche airman came over, shot down two observation balloons and darted toward the ground for another that had not been raised. He flew so low that our airmen crowded him to the earth and captured him.

One day the captain and a sergeant of the medical corps went down to one of the batteries, leaving me at the dressing station. They telephoned back for me to bring the surgical case. I started down a hill with it and it seemed to me like some hun at a big gun was throwing shells at me, for they kept hitting the ground a short distance behind me. I'll bet I dropped to the ground a dozen times before I got to the battery. I left the case and started back to the dressing station.

I tripped on a piece of wire and fell headlong to the ground, grabbing my helmet as I fell. An instant later a shell hit just in front of me and I would surely have been blown to pieces if I had not fallen.

I've heard a lot about heroism in this war but there is one example that has no superior. Four boche planes came over one day and, knowing that it was almost certain death for him, a lone American bird-man started after those four hun planes. Circling and darting, he gave battle to the whole bunch of them. He brought down one of them and the other three started back to their own lines. He kept after them pouring machine gun bullets into them and being shot at in return. And he brought down a second plane. A moment later, however, the brave fellow got his own death blow and crashed to the earth.

The first men we lost in the Argonne were killed by one of our own guns. One of our 155's was firing a short distance behind another of our guns. A shell struck the limb of a tree just over the front gun and exploded. Nine of the gun crew were killed.

The kitchen rolled up one evening and the men lined up for chow. A shell exploded near, killing two men and wounding six or seven. One of those killed was my best friend. The shell cut his left leg off below the knee and his right leg just below the hip. While dressing the wounded there another shell hit within ten feet of us but it was a dud, failing to explode.

The night before the armistice was signed nine of us were sleeping in a cow shed. An Austrian 88 shell struck the shed about 3 o'clock in the morning, killing three of the boys and the other six of us didn't get a scratch. Our helmets, gas masks and mess pans hanging on the wall were blown to pieces.

The last few days before the armistice was signed boche airmen flew over our lines and dropped literature which said: "Boys, what are you firing on us for? We are evacuating the territory as rapidly as possible." But that only made the Yanks fight all the harder.

On November 11th we were ordered to stop firing at 11 o'clock. We sent our last shot over at five minutes before eleven.

I landed in the States February 22nd and arrived home April 21st.

Chapter XXXVII

JOE HOLLCRAFT SEES BRUTALITY OF HUNS

I left Vevay May 7, 1917, with Howard Burton, Robert Banta and Irvin Siebert, and we went to Louisville to join the marines. Banta and I were turned down and we then went to the regular army recruiting station and got in. I was sent to Ft. Thomas, Ky., and remained there until July 21st, when I was sent to Ft. Leavenworth, Kas. Spent some time there and then went to Little Silver, N. J. Left there December 18th, for Newport News and remained at the latter place until February 15, 1918, when I sailed for France, the ship leaving the harbor at four o'clock in the afternoon. We stopped over at Halifax, being given permission to leave the ship. We didn't see any subs going over and without incident of any kind we landed at Brest, France, March 12, 1918.

I remained at Brest two days and then went to St. Nazaire. We unloaded our horses there, then took train and went back to our old outfit, First Field Battalion, Signal Corps.

I wasn't put through a lot of preliminaries before I got to the firing line. When we reached our outfit, after unloading our horses at St. Nazaire, the boys were already on the Toul front, or Sommedune, as the battle was called.

We were under fire there for three weeks and during that period my work was in the trenches fixing telephone lines where they had been blown to pieces by German shellfire. Often times my work was in dugouts sixty feet below the surface of the earth. The Germans' front line was only about half a mile away and they kept up a steady bombardment on our trenches.

The 26th Division relieved us and we went into a rest camp for two weeks. We were then ordered to entrain and went to Chateau-Thierry in June, 1918. We hadn't much more than got into the scrap there when a shell struck our sergeant, a man from California, squarely in the back, and after the explosion there wasn't a sign of him left. At Chateau-Thierry I took down with chills and fever and was sent to the base hospital. I didn't get back to my outfit until the 26th of August.

When I returned to them the boys were in a rest camp, but a few days later we were loaded into automobile trucks and went to the Soissons front. We were there two days when we were ordered back to make a drive on Thiecourt.

This town had been in possession of the Germans for four years. The Germans controlled an important little railroad that ran into the place and there was a German hospital there. We started our drive and we didn't stop. The Germans fought stubbornly, but we kept on going and they gave way before us.

As we entered the town French citizens who had been at the mercy of the huns four years, ran toward us. Nearly all of them were in rags and they were half-starved. Girls ran up to the American soldiers and kissed them, and men, women and children cheered their American deliverers. We gave the poor people what food we had and marched on into the town. And then we saw an appalling sight. Nearly every girl and young woman in the place was the mother of a German baby.

When the Yanks realized what the Germans had done during the four years they had had those French girls at their mercy, they simply saw red. The huns had made a stand just at this time and then made a counter-attack. Their minds filled with the horrible things those brutes had done, the Yanks charged them and mowed them down by the hundreds. And our boys weren't satisfied until they had driven the Germans back further than before, had taken hundreds of prisoners and a number of guns.

I took no active part in this battle but my work kept me under fire all the time. It was my duty to keep the wireless outfit in repair and that was some job because the shell fire continually put it out of commission.

After holding our position for two days we were relieved and after a rest we went to the Champagne front. Just as we reached the front a piece of a shell struck the revolver in my belt and tore the handle off of it, but I was unhurt. Four of us Signal Corps boys were on our way to the front carrying telephones, when a piece of shrapnel hit the boy beside me and while he was not killed, yet he was so badly hurt that he was taken to the hospital.

The French had been holding this sector, and although they had repeatedly tried, yet they had failed to drive the Germans back. They said it was no use for the Americans to try because they had failed.

Well, the Fifth and Sixth regiments of Marines, and the 8th and 23rd Infantry of the 2nd Division waded into those huns and they didn't stop until they had driven them back to a row of hills a mile away.

We held our positions here for some time and we did it on one meal every twenty-four hours. One day we didn't get even that much. Our ration wagon was coming toward us with chow when a boche gunner planted a shell right in the back end of the wagon and soup, slum, beans and coffee were scattered in all directions. The driver and horses were uninjured.

Being relieved here we went for a rest to Camp Lafayette. Marching to this place I became so thirsty that I laid down and drank water from a puddle in the road. The water poisoned me and I was sent to a field hospital, then to the base hospital at Orleans, and was confined there from October 9th until December 13th. On the day the armistice was signed I was still a patient, but was able to leave the hospital at times. Believe me, on the night of November 11th, those French people certainly celebrated. Soldiers of all nationalities paraded and men, women and children simply went crazy.

I didn't see so very much of the Salvation Army while I was over there, but I heard enough from the other boys to know that there was nothing they wouldn't do for a soldier. And I sure will take off my hat to the Red Cross. If a man didn't have money he could go to the Red Cross and get cigarettes and chocolate or anything they had, but if you were broke there was no use in going to the Y. M. C. A. While I was in the hospital a "Y" man would come around occasionally and he would divide up a bar of chocolate between three or four of us.

The soldiers had no use for the Y. M. C. A. but they'd give the shirts off their backs to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army.

I landed in the States April 7, 1919, left the ship the following day and remained in the east until after we paraded in Boston. I was then sent to Camp Taylor where I was mustered out on May 6, 1919, being in the service exactly two years to the day.

Chapter XXXVIII

ERNEST LACKLAND IN HOSPITAL BOMBED BY HUNS

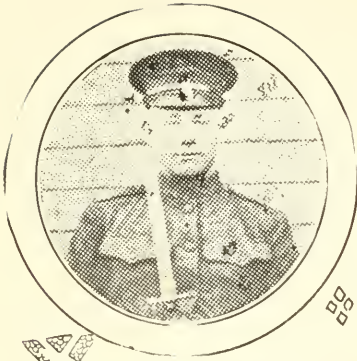
Shortly after war was declared I volunteered and for several months I trained at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. Was transferred from the Engineering Corps to the Artillery in September and went to Camp Mills, N. Y., where our outfit became a part of the Rainbow Division. We were given our "tin" hats which weighed about one pound and three ounces each, and our outfit was equipped with new 6-inch howitzers. We went through some very severe training for several months and left for France in November.

While we were in the trenches in January, 1918, a bunch of us went out one night to lay some telephone wire. It was necessary for us to lay the wire at night because shells fell continually on that part of the ground in the day time. We had four mules hitched to a reel cart and I rode the off-lead one. We went lippity-cut all night, stopping only once, and that was to water the mules. Mules were used for this work because they are more sure-footed than horses. A mule never fell into shell holes or stumbled in the dark. We worked like demons for 26 straight hours and we laid 47 miles of telephone wire.

Shortly after reaching France I was made a motor cycle despatch rider for our regiment, but as it was necessary for me to be able to handle a horse I was sent on the wire-laying trip.

While I was at Fort Benjamin Harrison there was a little boy that did odd jobs for us around the camp, and we adopted him as our mascot. When we moved from Fort Benjamin Harrison to Camp Mills he went with us. Then when he heard we were going to embark he tried to enlist but he was too young and was turned down. He tried every way possible to get permission to go with us, but was out of luck and finally was sent back to Indianapolis. Well, on the 29th of January, lo and behold, that kid came rolling into camp, wearing a broad smile on his face. He walked up to the Captain, saluted, and reported for duty. The Captain couldn't be stern under the circumstances—he had to smile and I guess he was just about as glad to see that lad as the rest of us were.

In the spring of 1918 we were shelled so often that I finally lost count of the number of times. One day I was tinkering my with my motor cycle about 150 yards from the dugout. The shells were falling now and then to the right of us, but suddenly I heard one coming and knew by the sound that it was going to fall close. It was too far to run to the bomb proof because I knew the shell would light before I got there. I dropped my wrench and watched the rest of the fellows scramble for shelter. Four of the boys went head first into the bomb proof, another slid into the kitchen and the other, an officer, was in the same shape as



CHARLES L. PETIT



GEORGE L. TINKER



CHARLIE C. SHELTON



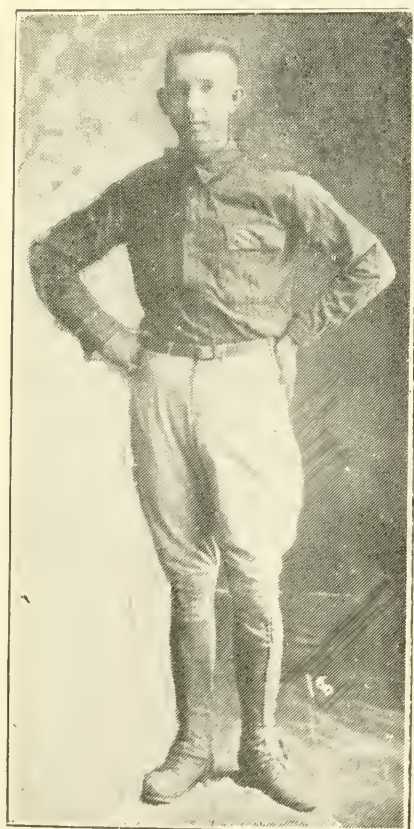
H. M. SMITH



HUBERT COLE



LEON E. HICKMAN



WARREN WHITHAM



FLETCHER WALTZ

I—too far away to get to shelter before the shell would hit. Well, he dived under a little bush near the path—more like animal instinct than anything—because that little bush wouldn't have kept the rain off him, much less shell fragments. After it was all over he got up, brushing the dirt off his clothes, and he sure looked foolish.

One time in April, 1917, the Germans had a barrage falling between us and our source of supplies, and two other fellows and myself finally decided to cross the zone of fire and try to bring back some food. Coming back I had a bucket of raw onions and five boxes of hard tack and you ought to have seen me running through that barrage. I got a slight nick in my helmet when I laid down for a close one, and leaves, dirt and twigs fell in my bucket of onions, but I got them to mess.

Motor cycle dispatch riding was no joke. My work came in after the telephone lines had been put out of business by shell fire. The roads I had to travel were very rough, and I never could kid myself into believing that Heine couldn't head me off as I was spinning down the road. I have seen airplanes brought down by anti-aircraft guns when they were making 120 miles an hour, so I knew running fast wouldn't help me any.

In May I was carrying a message when the boche opened up on me. My bacon can had a hole shot through it, my pack carrier was destroyed and dust was blown all over a box of candy that I carried. Another time they ranged me on the road. The first shrapnel hit a little ahead and over me. I knew they would have my range, so I turned around and went back, and it was a good thing I did for the next shell, a high explosive, hit right in the road about 600 feet further along, and had I not stopped I would have just about met the shell as it exploded.

While sleeping in my dugout the first of May, 1918, a German shell hit the place and sure wrecked it. A hole was torn through a big stack of writing paper on a shelf, and other things in the room were torn to pieces but I wasn't even touched.

We were under continuous shell fire during the spring and summer of 1918, and in July went to Belleau Wood to assist in the fighting. The artillery held 50,000 Germans in the woods for three days while other outfits wiped the huns out of existence. We had lots of boys killed and wounded but the losses were nothing compared to what the Germans suffered. I was wounded in this battle and was sent to Camp Hospital No. 13. The first night I was in the hospital it was raided by boche airmen. There were twenty-seven planes in the raid and the bombs they dropped in an effort to blow up the hospital weighed 800 pounds and were between five and six feet long. The windows were blown out in my ward but no one was injured.

After recovering from my wounds I rejoined my company and when the armistice was signed marched into Germany with them. The German people treated us with a cold indifference, yet they were civil.

During the war I walked through four different countries, and did my bit on seven different battle fronts. Our outfit was cited for bravery twice by the French and twice by General Pershing, and we received honorable mention three other times. Of the seven battle fronts the Germans retreated before us on six of them. I was in France fourteen months and saw all I expected to see and more. There have been miracles happen in the American Expeditionary Forces which sound like lies when told to the average man, so I have made no effort to tell of the horrible things I have witnessed and have gone through.

Chapter XXXIX

FRANK PELSOR IN GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE

I registered for military service while I was employed in Indianapolis, and was called on September 22, 1917. Went to Camp Taylor where I remained until April 7, 1918, and then left for Camp Logan, Texas, where I was placed in the 33rd Division. After a short stay there I was sent to Camp Upton, N. Y., and on May 16, 1918, sailed for France. Landed at Brest on May 24th and was in camp there for a week. From Brest we went to Emeryville where we were placed in with the British.

While drilling under them we were put in the Huppy area near Abbeville, and on June 9th we proceeded to the Eu training area. On June 21st we moved into the Amines sector where we occupied a portion of the British trenches. The British had been expecting an attack but it didn't materialize, so our work on this sector consisted only of patrol duty and trench digging.

On July 4th we celebrated America's great holiday by making a drive on Hamel in conjunction with the Australians. We didn't get any credit for our work here because we were a part of the Australian division. Hamel was a small town that the Germans had taken only a short time before. They had dug themselves in and I guess they were expecting to stay there. At day break, though, we went over the top and about the time mother was frying bacon for breakfast at home we had driven the huns out of their trenches and the battle had ended. This was my first time in a real fight. I fired my rifle as often as any of the rest of the boys but, of course, there was no way of telling whether I killed any huns.

On August 8, 1918, the great British offensive began, and I was in the line-up. The drive continued for several days, the Germans constantly retreating.

On August 12th we broke the German line at Chipilly Ridge, Gressaure Wood. The woods were small and we succeeded in driving the huns out without much difficulty. The fighting was very severe at times but we didn't lose many men.

On August 23rd we left the British sector, being transferred to the area of the First American Army in the Toul sector.

On September 5th we started for Verdun where we relieved the 120th French Division on the night of September 7th. Ours was the first American division to hold a portion of the front line on that historic battlefield.

On September 15th we made a jump-off at Consenvoye and when the scrap was over we had taken prisoners four officers and 149 privates. We had also captured two heavy artillery guns, fifty-two machine guns and ten trench mortars.

Following this fight we went back for a four days' rest and then we went to the Argonne.

That's where hell broke loose. We were in the support line of the French. On the 28th of September we relieved the 91st Division and the next morning we went over the top. We started at six o'clock and got lost in the fog. Nothing could be seen anywhere but dense woods, and the underbrush was so heavy a fellow could hardly get through it. The huns had the positions and they soaked us with gas so that we had to wear our masks most of the time. While working our way through the woods a shell struck near us and two of the boys were killed. Pieces of shrapnel struck me in both legs and on the back of the left hand. I walked back to the first aid station, and from there was sent to a field hospital. It seemed like my wounds were poisoned, for in a couple of days my legs and hands began swelling and the pain was terrible. I was taken in an ambulance to Base Hospital No. 20 and remained there until December 26th when I rejoined my company in Luxemburg.

We left Luxemburg April 25, 1919, for Brest, and sailed from there on May 11th. Arrived in the States May 20th and went to Camp Mills. Remained there five days, then went to Camp Sherman, Ohio, where I was discharged May 29th.

Chapter XL

GEORGE PLATT SHOT THROUGH BODY WHILE IN THE ARGONNE

People wonder why boys who have been in action overseas had little to say after their return home. As the boys returned from abroad they were plied with questions about this and that, and almost invariably they grunted out a "yes" or "no."

The truth of the matter is that every soldier who had been through that living hell saw so many horrible sights that, if it were possible, he would rid his mind of them forever. It isn't pleasant to him to recall to mind the terrible bloodshed he has witnessed. And on the other hand the things we have gone through are actually so horrible that if we were to tell them half of the people would not believe us.

I am going to tell the story of my experiences just as briefly and as accurately as possible.

I entered the service on May 28, 1918, being sent from Vevay to Camp Beauregard, La. We had but a few weeks of training until we entrained for Newport News, and from there, on August 5th, went aboard the steamer Kirska.

People at home have heard rumors that the American soldiers and sailors have no personal use for the British. I want to tell why I, right now, would be willing to enlist tomorrow to fight England.

The Steamer Kirska was a Russian vessel and in the early days of the war was captured by Germany. It was later captured from Germany by England, and after the United States entered the war England made it over into a troop ship to transport United States soldiers across the ocean to help save her from the certain disaster which awaited her at the hands of the German army.

The Kirska had been transporting negro troops, and I will take a solemn oath that the vessel had never been cleaned. When we embarked on her on August 5th, the smell of that ship was something past description.

Great peace-loving England charged Uncle Sam \$150 a head for transporting some 2,000 of us over to fight the German monster off her back. The foul-smelling ship was a menace to the lives of each soldier on board. For the first two days of our trip I was so seasick that I couldn't eat. On the third day my appetite came back to me. I went back to the cook house and while there saw the vessel's crew carrying beef out of the hold.

That meat was so rotten that it dropped off the bones, and yet that was what England fed us during the entire voyage. Every mother's son of us prayed

to God that a German submarine might sink that ship before we got across the ocean. We had no such luck, however, and for fourteen days we lived in the midst of a sickening stench and subsisted on rotten beef. Then we landed at Brest, France.

We were sent to a rest camp, which was one of the famous forts used by the great Napoleon. We had come to France to help save the world for democracy, and the first week after our arrival the way we saved the world was by acting as a labor battalion. We were simply roustabouts, like the negroes one sees on the Ohio river steamboats, and our duty for a week was in carrying freight off of vessels.

From Brest we went to Massay. We were the first American troops the inhabitants of that city had ever seen, and we were accorded a welcome that will live forever in my mind. However, the business men of the place took advantage of our presence to pop up prices. The first night we were there soldiers bought stuff as cheap as civilians, but the next day prices on nearly everything were just about tripled.

At this place I took influenza and was sick two weeks. Recovering, I returned to my company. We drilled a week, and at the end of that period our commander was notified that the 32nd Division was calling for troops to replace their casualties. The commander called for volunteers. Bill Bowen, of Vevay, and myself were the first men to step out of the line.

On September 14th, carrying full equipment, we marched 32 kilometers (a distance of about 20 miles), to St. Florent. We were there two days. On the second afternoon I heard a couple of soldiers arguing American politics. One of the voices sounded familiar and when I got a good look at the speaker I saw it was Marion Williamson, of Vevay. I grabbed him and we spent a pleasant hour together talking of the folk back home.

We then entrained in "side-door Pullmans," and went to St. Dizier on the Marne River and at that point were placed in the 32nd division. This was on Friday, and on Saturday we took the "Frog Automobile Train" for quite a distance and finally hiked into reserve in the Argonne Forest. We remained in reserve from September 26th to September 29th, then went straight into the line.

This was on the Verdun front. Prior to our entering the forest there had been little activity in this section, but in the month of September Germany threw an immense army into the sector.

The battle of the Argonne Forest, however, had really begun on September 26th. On the 29th, after we had been sent into the front line, I was made a scout. And from that moment hell started for me.

In three days time we had lost track of all the habits of a life time. We did not know what it was to lie down and sleep. We knew no such thing as eating a meal three times a day. In fact, if we secured anything at all to eat once in 24 hours we considered ourselves lucky. And during this period I went three days and three nights without a bite of food or a drink of water.

Our outfit had five big tanks. During the 11 days I was in the Argonne Forest each of those tanks was picked off by shells and in each instance it was a direct hit.

On the morning when we started that drive fully 200 Allied airplanes were in the sky. They were too numerous to count, but a bunch of 20 or 30 of us agreed that at the least calculation there were 200 planes. The pilots of those planes were regular dare devils. There was never a minute but that they took their lives in their hands.

A battle in the air is the most thrilling sight imaginable. You forget everything and gape in wonder at the things those birdmen do. They use tracer bullets, and each bullet may be seen as it is fired toward an enemy plane.

A daring hun airman gave battle one day to an American plane with the whole American army looking on. The American birdman finally set fire to the German plane and the hun crashed several thousand feet to the earth. He fell directly in front of our company. We ran to the spot and found a hole fully 30 feet deep that the motor had made in the ground.

While we were in the Argonne a soldier came walking past our company one day, carrying a pack on his back. One of the hun's explosive shells hit near him and he was blown fully fifteen feet in the air. His pack was blown from his shoulders and when he came down the pack rolled one way and he rolled another. He got up, walked along in front of our Company and said: "That was a damn close call, wasn't it?"

On the day we replacement troops entered the line the American army began advancing. Slowly but surely we pushed our way through the forest, the German army giving way before us.

On about the first day of October near noon three of our observation balloons were floating about 2,000 feet in the air. Suddenly I heard one of the soldiers holler, "Look there!" He pointed upwards. Everybody looked and there, swooping down out of the sky, was a German airplane. At the same instant the Intelligence officers in the balloons jumped for safety and came to earth hanging on parachutes. In less than a minute and a half from the time the plane was sighted the German had destroyed two of the balloons and had darted back to his lines. As the big bags blazed up and collapsed, Bill Bowen, who was standing beside me, shook his fist at the departing airman and said: "That ——— Boche ———."

That night I was detailed to do scout duty between the lines. I started at midnight, crawling on my hands and knees. I completed my mission and began crawling back to the American line. A twig under my knee snapped. I flattened myself to the earth, and almost instantly a hail of bullets from a German machine gun sniper began plowing up the dirt and leaves all around me. Cautiously I began crawling away from the spot where I had broken the twig. The machine gunner kept up his fire. And then in the darkness I placed my hand squarely on the decayed face of a dead body. Never in my life has such a feeling swept

over me as did at that moment. I was filled with terror, and without thought of safety I arose to my feet and ran through the woods.

From the moment I left Vevay Bill Bowen and I had been chums and when I was not on scout duty he and I were always together. On Friday, October 4th, if I remember rightly, we had been advancing through the woods when one of the worst barrages I have ever seen was sent over by the Germans. Shells fell all about us and we instantly sought shelter.

Now, the safest place on earth during a barrage is up near a bank. There was a bank right beside us and a score or more of us sat down along the slope to wait until the barrage had ceased. I was sitting near the bottom of the bank and Bill Bowen was seated on the ground about ten feet above me. A high explosive shell landed right in our midst, and the explosion knocked all of us flat on the earth.

We had been trained to act in just such an emergency. Each man who was able must grab the nearest wounded soldier and get him to the first aid. As I arose to my feet after the shell had exploded I saw many of my comrades stretched out on the ground. I grabbed the nearest wounded man and started back with him. I have a vivid recollection of Bill Bowen lying on the ground and another soldier picking him up. I found out later, however, that nine men had been wounded by that shell but not one of them was killed.

That night five of us were detailed for scout duty between the lines. We left the American line at midnight crawling on our hands and knees. Until the first gray streaks of dawn were showing through the trees we scouted through the woods obtaining what information we could, and then started back to our line. About five o'clock that morning we came on to a German machine gun nest of six guns, with a crew of three men to each gun. The nest was in a depression in the ground and we were above it.

Silently we threw our Springfields to our shoulders. Each of us singled out a Hun and simultaneously we pulled the triggers. Five German soldiers fell dead and at the same instant the remaining thirteen threw up their hands. We had no orders to take prisoners and, anyhow, we didn't have enough food for ourselves, let alone feeding a bunch of prisoners, so as rapidly as we could pull trigger we shot down the others, killing all sixteen of them. We destroyed the guns and again started toward our line.

By that time we realized we were lost. Daylight was about to break forth. We came to a small dugout and inside of it found a German captain. A jug of whiskey sat on the floor beside him and he was too drunk to realize what was happening. We killed him and again went ahead. In a few minutes we came to another dugout. One of our boys hollered, "Are there any Americans down there?" He got no answer. He threw a hand grenade down the dugout and German soldiers began running out of the entrance. As fast as they came out we shot them down.

Daylight was now upon us. We crawled to the edge of the woods and hid in the underbrush to await the passing of the day and the coming of the night.



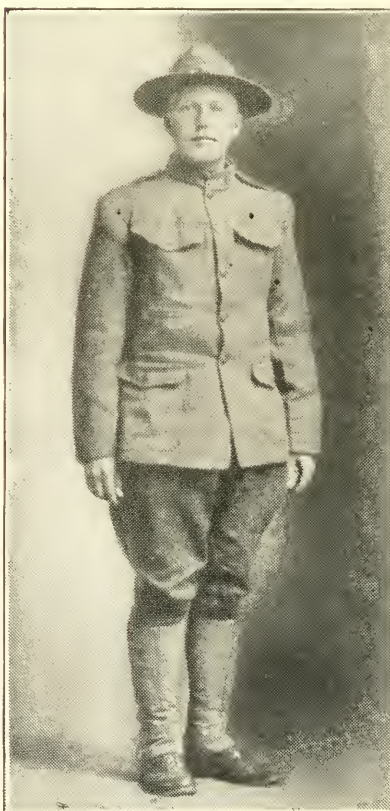
CLAIR SCOTT



LUCIAN EMERSON



HUBERT HAMILTON



WARREN PETERS

During the day it dawned upon us that the part of the woods we were lying in was filled with German soldiers in groups here and there. In the afternoon a German airplane flew directly over our heads and all five of us stepped out from our place of concealment in plain view of him. The pilot turned his machine and flew rapidly toward the German line. We felt in our bones that the airman, seeing us American soldiers, had formed the conclusion that a part of the American army had moved up rapidly and was occupying that section of the woods. And we undoubtedly guessed right, for in less than five minutes the German artillery began dropping shells. Before the mistake was discovered and the barrage stopped I honestly believe that the German artillery had killed and wounded a thousand of their own men.

When darkness had again settled down we crawled out of our hiding place and began searching for the American line. All night long we crawled through the woods and then just before day break we heard an American sentry. It was a doughboy from our own company.

We made our report and were ordered to again leave our line in an effort to kill a German machine gun sniper who had been picking off our men. This was on Sunday morning, October 6th.

The five of us crawled for quite a distance through the underbrush and finally came to a small open spot. It was impossible to go around it, and if our mission was to prove successful there was nothing for us to do except to arise to our feet and run across that open spot.

At the opposite side of the opening was a small ravine. Within ten feet of the bank of that ravine was a shell hole. By the aid of a powerful field glass I could locate the spot where the sniper was concealed but we couldn't get to him. We discussed the situation in whispers and finally agreed that there was nothing to do except to arise to our feet and dash suddenly across the opening. However, we also agreed that there was no sense in all five of us risking our lives when two could do the work just as well, so three of the boys went back.

The other fellow and I jumped up and began running for the ravine. Before we had run five yards that machine gunner was pumping bullets at us. At the shell hole my comrade fell. The next second a bullet struck me in the right side and I fell headlong into the ravine. The bullet had passed diagonally through my body coming out of my back on the left side. Blood was flowing freely and I knew that unless I received medical attention I would die. I wondered if my comrade had been killed. The thought struck me that if he had only been wounded, and I could do something to draw the sniper's fire, he might roll over the top of the bank and get with me.

A stick was lying on the ground beside me. I picked it up and pushed it over the top of the bank. That machine gunner was watching for me and began pouring a steady stream of bullets at the stick. I did this twice more and on the last time, while the sniper was shooting at the stick my comrade came rolling over the edge of the bank. He had not been hit, and with the bank serving as a

protection we crawled through the ravine, my comrade in the lead breaking a way through the underbrush.

We crawled for perhaps a kilometer before we were entirely out of the sniper's sight and then arose to our feet. Supported by my comrade we staggered along hunting for a first aid. My comrade's assistance was all that kept me on my feet. After walking about two kilometers we saw four litter carriers about 100 yards in front of us. They had a wounded soldier on a litter and were taking him to the first aid. We followed as best we could, keeping them constantly in sight.

And right then is when the most horrible thing I ever saw occurred right before my eyes.

A high explosive shell came suddenly from nowhere and dropped squarely on the man lying on that litter, and quicker than you could snap your fingers the wounded soldier, the litter and the four litter carriers were blown to atoms. We, ourselves, were splattered with their blood and flesh.

Heart-sick at the sight, for a time we were unable to go on. When we resumed our journey we had gone but a short distance when we came upon some of our soldiers. They stripped me to my waist and put an immense bandage around my body from my hips to my armpits. I then walked on to the first aid, had my wounds dressed there and went on back to the field hospital. That same night I was sent to the town of Florey, where I was given food and rested through the night. The next day I was taken to Neuf Chateau, which is Base Hospital No. 116. I remained there several weeks and was removed to Chateau Roux. Remained there a few weeks and was taken to Blois. I was then placed in a casual company and ordered returned to the States. I left Blois November 27th for Brest and sailed from Brest on December 27th. I landed in New York January 5, 1919, and was discharged at Camp Sherman, Ohio, January 22nd.

Chapter XLI

CLIFFORD THIEBAUD FIGHTS WITH RAINBOW DIVISION

I entered the Second Engineer Officers Training Camp at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., September 2, 1917. Completed the course there November 30, 1917.

As First Lieutenant I was then sent to Camp Grant, Ill., in which place I remained until the early part of January, 1918, when I received orders to join the American Expeditionary Forces for extended field service.

Crossed over via New York, Liverpool, South Hampton and LaHavre. Was in First Corps Training School at Gondrecourt, France, through February and March, and then was assigned to the 117th Engineers, (Rainbow Division), 42nd Division, in which regiment I served until September 1st, when I was promoted to Captain and sent back to the United States to bring over new troops.

When I was with the Rainbow Division we were on the Lorraine front until June 15th and then went over to the Champagne sector, where we remained until July 20, 1918. During this time we withstood the brunt of the last German drive which began July 14, 1918. We were then taken from this sector and sent into the Chateau-Thierry sector. Here we helped to drive the boche back from Chateau-Thierry to the River Vesle at the town of Fismes. We were then relieved by the 77th Division and moved back to Bourmont for a ten days' rest. We then received orders to go into the Toul sector for the St. Mihiel drive, and we were just pulling up into that sector when I received my orders to return to the States.

I reported at Camp Humphreys, Va., September 19, 1918, and was assigned as Captain of Co. E, 218th Engineers. After six weeks training we moved to Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, to join our Division then at Camp Travis, and were billed to go to France December 1, 1918. Then the armistice was signed and it was all off. I was discharged in January, 1919.

Chapter XLII

MARION WILLIAMSON FIGHTS SIXTY HOURS WITHOUT WATER

I left Vevay in May, 1918, in the same outfit with George Platt and William Bowen. Following a short training period at Camp Taylor and Camp Beauregard, Ala., I sailed for France on August 6th and arrived there after a twelve days voyage on August 18th.

Probably the least said about that voyage the better. I understand that other soldiers have told their experiences and that many persons have not believed the stories. It doesn't seem possible that fighting men would be fed on rotten beef, but that's what we got while we were on board that ship.

We had a Lieutenant with us who was a splendid fellow and who appreciated the fact that the privates were just as good a class of fellows as the officers. After we had tried to eat that rotten meat for two days, some of the boys complained to this Lieutenant. He replied that the meat was all right, but to please the boys, he told them to bring a private's mess pan of food the next day. The Lieutenant took one bite of that rotten stuff, spat it out and then he started something. They threw 850 pounds of rotten meat overboard immediately, and the food during the remainder of the trip was fairly good.

After arriving in France we trained for a few weeks and in the latter part of September started for the Argonne Forest. We went into reserve just behind the front lines on September 23rd, and from that moment on for 21 days we were constantly under fire. While in reserve our death rate was nearly as heavy as it was later when we went to the front. German explosive shells fell everywhere, and soldiers were killed all about us. While we were marching into the Argonne a boche airman swooped suddenly down upon us, and that was the first time I fired my rifle at a man. That boche was the gamest man I ever saw. He would fly high into the air and then suddenly swoop down upon us dropping bombs, and he would come so close that the doughboys peppered away at him with their rifles. His tactics were certain to result in death as the big guns begun firing at him every time he came within range, and finally one of the guns scored a direct hit and the airman dropped.

No man on earth could give a correct description of the Argonne Forest as it was when we entered it. The Germans had been holding the forest for several years, and had barbed wire interlaced through the underbrush and trees so that advances could be made only step by step. There could be no sudden rushes, and while the Yanks were slowly moving forward, cutting their way through the wire entanglements, the huns picked them off by the hundreds. Dead bodies were everywhere. A person couldn't have walked in a straight line thirty yards without stepping over a body, and the poor devils couldn't be buried.

When we first went over the top I really couldn't realize what it meant for a while, but ten minutes after we went over my buddie was shot down by my side, and then I knew. I had buddied with him only a few weeks, but in the army friendships which last a life time are rapidly formed. Filled with grief I gave one hurried glance at his lifeless body and swept on into the woods with the rest of the outfit.

After we had been fighting for several days, we attacked a part of the German army at the bottom of a hill. For five hours we fired our rifles continuously and the barrels became so hot we could barely hold them in our hands. We ran short of ammunition, but the boches didn't find it out. We steadily drove them up the hill and then started them down the other side. Another outfit flanked around the hill and caught the huns as they reached the bottom. None of them escaped. What were not killed held up their hands and surrendered. During the 21 days I spent in the Argonne, water was very scarce and I went for 60 hours without a drop of liquid running down my throat. At the end of that period I got some cold coffee.

One night while we were lying asleep we were gassed and the men on watch thought the gas was too slight to give an alarm. Consequently a good many of us were badly affected. The gas settled in my throat, however, and did not affect my lungs, so that it was not necessary at that time for me to go to the hospital.

Strange things happen while a battle is in progress and many of them, of course, are unbelievable. I saw a Yank charging through the woods one day when his gas mask was shot off his face. He didn't receive the slightest scratch and kept right on fighting.

I saw another man lying on his belly behind a slight knoll. The pack on his back was slightly above the knoll and fully fifty bullets passed through that pack and the man was uninjured.

After 21 days fighting we were relieved. When we came back from the front only 48 men remained out of our original company of 250. I was sent to a hospital immediately after we returned from the front, in a few weeks placed in a casual company, and then returned to the States. I was discharged at Camp Sherman, Ohio, April 9, 1919.

1776-1919

The descendants of the compatriots of Washington and John Paul Jones fought once again side by side with the descendants of the compatriots of Lafayette and Rochambeau. The time and opportunity came for a nation to pay a great debt of gratitude for service rendered in great national need and America paid France the debt she long has so justly owed.

In the Revolutionary War for the freedom of America, the French fought on American soil under the command of an American. In the war for the freedom of France and for the preservation of liberty to America, and, indeed, to all the world, Americans fought on French soil under the supreme command of a Frenchman. The honors are even and the honors are great.

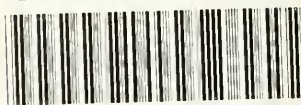
No true American who knows the history of his country but thrills when he thinks of the feats of the American army in France. The invincible Americans turned the tide of war; they brought to France and her Allies a victory for liberty such as France assisted us to win, and repaid with interest a debt to liberty and to France long owing and honorably acknowledged.

THE END

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